ney Had Magic Then! *A Short Story by Sinclair Lew*

Pigskin Forecast *by Eddie Dooley*

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IF YOU LIKE to *travel*, take these dobbins' advice. Hitch up to the Flying Red Horse!

You'll find Mobilgas, sold at the Red Horse Sign, is made for long hauls as well as city traffic. Made to get you there *quickly, smoothly, economically*.

You'll like the way it keeps your engine alert...answering *instantly* to the treadle.

Modern processes make this possible. They make Mobilgas unsurpassed at regular price for all-around performance!

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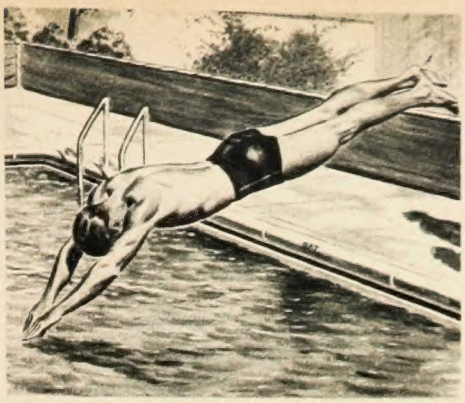
SUN—Clicking off pars under the hot, baking summer sun is a great way to build health and stamina. But that same summer sun bakes your scalp and hair—dries out natural oils, leaving your hair dull, brittle.



WATER—Your quick plunge or your drenching shower completes the damage—washing away the last trace of natural scalp oils. Your hair is unruly, hard to manage and won't stay neatly in place when you comb it.

PROTECTION—Get your fill of summer sports. Harden lazy muscles. Store up resistance for the winter ahead of you. *But care for your hair with Vitalis.* Keep it healthy-looking, well-groomed—a social and business asset.

Keep your Hair Handsome, Well-groomed in spite of Summer Sun and Water

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and brush—Hair has a lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

RUB VITALIS onto your scalp vigorously. That stimulating "tingle" means circulation is quickening in your tight, baked scalp. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural oils, helping your hair to a natural, healthy-looking lustre.

Loose dandruff is routed and the brisk massage helps prevent excessive falling hair. Your hair combs neatly into place—and stays that way with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Get Vitalis from your druggist today.

Product of Bristol-Myers Company

WITH THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

BOY! IT SURE PAID US TO SEND FOR THIS FIGURING CHART!

See! It shows how to make every dollar count!

If you want to save money on car financing . . . if you'd like to have the proper insurance for your car . . . if you want to know just what you receive for every penny you spend — then send now for the handy GMAC Figuring Chart!

This simple chart gives you all details of car financing in dollars and cents . . . shows you exactly what you get for what you pay. In a few minutes at home, you can figure your own deal.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ U. S. A.

County_____

Send for this Figuring Chart

MINIATURE OF LIFE
BY K. C. B.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—This is about a boy who sold Liberty, from the Hollywood Citizen-News of July 7, by Kenneth C. Beaton (K. C. B.), and I thought you would enjoy it.—*C. R. Boden.*

A fine big car.
Came driving in.
To our driveway.
To interrupt.
My weekly task.
Of mowing grass.
From off our lawn.
And out of it.
There stepped a man.
A youngish man.
Who in apparel.
And in his mien.
Was quite in keeping.
With his fine big car.
And I stilled the mower.
As he left his car.
And came my way.
And prepared myself.
To answer no.
To whatever it was.
He had for sale.
And then he smiled.
And I liked his smile.
As he said to me.
That he was the father.
Of the little boy.
With the platinum hair.
Who came each week.
With a Liberty.
For me to buy.
And the boy had gone.
On a week's vacation.
And before he left.
He'd given his father.
His little list.
Of customers.
From which he made.
Just eighteen cents.
On every week.
And he'd made his father.
Make solemn vow.
He'd see to it.
No customer.
Would fail, to get.
His magazine.
And so it was.
That father had come.
To sell me mine.
And I gave him a nickel.
Instead of a dime.
As I did to the boy.
And he smiled again.
And got in his car.
And drove away.
And somebody tells me.
He's a rich young man.
And, anyway.
If he is or not.
I'm glad he came.
For it's good to know.
That my little boy friend.
Is possessed of a dad.
Who has seen to it.
His boy keeps faith.
With his customers.
I thank you.

KNOWS HIS GROCERIES

SPARTANBURG, S. C.—Your July 26 cover is Gay-Ninetyish, but a good grocer can see that the catchup bottle and the food tins are of the latest type. Then, too, the young lady's boots are a bit high. I don't think they got that high until about 1917. Anyway, it is a picture a lot of people will enjoy and maybe not notice the new groceries.—*E. F. Gregory.*

ENCOURAGE BOY TO GO TO COLLEGE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has given America many thought-provoking ideas in his recent answer to Liberty's question, "Should a poor boy go to college?"

He tells us a boy should not work his

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POP

way through college because it does not give him enough time to study.

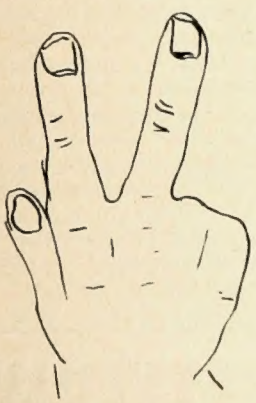
In shrewdly attacking the "earn-your-way-through-college" principle which has long been one of America's pet precepts for success, Dr. Hutchins has achieved at least one of the chief objectives of his article. He has made a great number of people *think*. By arousing them, he has caused many who have given colleges no serious thought in years to wake up to our educational problems.

As an eminent educator, the viewpoint he has so ably expressed may be leading the way to what we are going to have in the future. But the plan he advocates is still in the idealistic stage. If Dr. Hutchins' article prevents one boy who really wants a college education from matriculating this fall, it will be tragic.

If parents have one who is anxious for a college education, they should by all means let him have it. Encourage him to go—even if he has to work night and day to achieve his goal—even, to paraphrase Luther, if there are as many devils as there are tiles on the dormitory roofs, have him enter.—*H. E. Christiansen.*

VICTORY SIGN

NEVADA, IA.—When I was a kid in the grade school, two fingers in the air represented one thing. On the playground, to the kid from across the alley it meant something else. In both cases it was a victory sign for me. It looks like a "V" and a swell salutation to wave to people just to let them know that we've dedicated an old schoolboy custom to Hitler. —*Don Sopher.*



MR. WILK WILL WRITE FOR SCREEN

SCARSDALE, N. Y.—After reading Hollywood's Tomorrow Man in your issue of July 26, I feel obligated to write you and correct a serious error in the article which directly concerns me.

Mr. Smith says of me, "He has had four radio playlets accepted, but will not condescend to write for the screen or the legitimate theater."

Nothing could be further from the truth. What has been left out is the fact that for the past two years I have been a member of Professor Walter Prichard Eaton's 47 playwriting course at Yale, and I have written three full-length plays. Add to this the fact that I have concocted two or three original screen

If you ask me, a

MAN-LESS VACATION

is no vacation at all!

NO FUN, sitting around for two long weeks, watching men pay attention to *other* girls. But—you can't expect men to come flocking around, can you, if you've got the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Popular girls don't risk their precious popularity by growing careless about the "Double O."

What To Do About It

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's a *new* formula . . . created especially to help bring out the natural highlights, the gleaming whiteness of your smile! It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The Listerine people have specialized in the Oral Hygiene field for over 3 years, working for 8 years on this ne paste alone! Many say they can see i beautifying effects in a surprisingly sho time!

And as for your breath—Listerine A tiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly hal food fermentation in the mouth, a fr quent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to be more attractive to me don't neglect the "Double O" (Offensiv looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightf Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Too Paste for an attractive smile; Listeri Antiseptic for a more appealing breat

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

You'll like yeast this new way

LOUISE: You're a husky brute these days. Been eating yeast again?
HENRY: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice . . . a real vitamin cocktail!

LOUISE: You sure don't miss much! I saw a headline only yesterday that said: "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX."
HENRY: Yes, and here's a later bit of the same news . . . Yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the Vitamin B Complex, a group of the very vitamins that authorities say lots of us don't get enough of . . . Maybe they mean you!

LOUISE: Now, wait a minute! I'm doing O.K. right now. But I will admit that when I was eating yeast I felt wonderful. I never learned to like it, though.
HENRY: Tastes like oven-fresh bread, this new way. You'll like it now. Twice a day, and don't stop, is my way. Buy a week's supply of Fleischmann's Yeast, and get these vitamins this *natural* way. Stay with it, and give me the credit for any and all improvements . . . O.K.?

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

FLEISCHMANN'S *FRESH* YEAST

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

stories (all unsold, as yet) and am co-author of the Yale Dramat's original musical revue of last spring, The Waterbury Tales, and I think you will see that all these accomplishments add up to a good refutation of the statement.—*Max Wilk.*

Sorry. We are glad to correct.—VOX POP ED.

ICKES REPRIMAND

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The editorial in August 2, titled A Reprimand for Mr. Ickes, is a good lesson for every American.

There are, no doubt, many Americans who do not agree with Mr. Lindbergh, and by the same token there are many more who disagree with the Secretary.

In both instances the editorial teaches us all a sound American policy, and as one real American I am rather proud to see Mr. Lindbergh ignore these vicious attacks on his integrity by one whose Americanism many of us question. Thanks to Liberty for such good teaching. —*Earl Miller.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your editorial, A Reprimand for Mr. Ickes, is prejudicial and in bad taste. By what force of reasoning you allocate to Mr. Lindbergh the right of abuse and unfair criticism of the government and its members and advise Mr. Ickes to stop talking is beyond all understanding. Liberty owes Mr. Ickes a public apology.—*R. E. Hart.*

MAKES IT CLEAR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Vitamins have confused me for years. Your magazine is the first to make it clear. You have reached the pinnacle of every writer's dream in taking a vague, complicated mass of material and giving it crystal-clear understanding and making it as fascinating as your best fiction! Now please, Mr. Doherty, use this same genius on some other complicated subjects:

1. Clear up the Einstein idea; 2. Explain Gertrude Stein; 3. Hollywood cinema; 4. Modern art; 5. Doctor bills; 6. John Barrymore!—*M. O. C.*

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

I don't know where the idea originated of having the kindly Father Flanagan of Boys Town engage in a tilt with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but

(*Continued on page 43*)

D. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

SEPTEMBER 6, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 36

THE PRESS WILL NOT BE MUZZLED

☆ A WELL KNOWN writer on political topics came into Liberty's editorial offices the other day and said:

"That was a remarkably courageous article you published by General Bullard—"

"You mean the one about the incompetency of higher-up officers in the United States Army?"

"Yes. That article got results, all right! Bill in Congress retiring a lot of mossbacks, signed by the President in just a few weeks—either they listened to General Bullard or it was a fantastic coincidence."

"We are glad to see action was taken, anyway."

"How long do you think you can go on publishing articles like that?"

"As long as there is need for them."

"If you don't stop, you will have officials walking in here and telling you that you will *have* to stop—or else."

"Sounds more like Hitler than Uncle Sam, God bless him!"

"You'll take it and you'll like it."

"Don't believe we'll have to take it—and I know we won't like it."

"You won't be able to criticize any branch of the government much longer."

"Why? Are they above criticism? Look at the courage of the English press, after two years of war!"

"Ah, but this isn't England. Over there, for all their class system, they love liberty more—"

"No more than we Americans. We will continue to have a free press in this country, no matter what happens! That is something worth fighting for."

The writer's face brightened.

"I hope you're right," he said. "Maybe I was ready to lie down too soon."

We fervently believe that the free press of America is not going to lie down soon—or ever. We have no right to speak for others, but we believe that the editors and publishers of American newspapers and magazines are resolved to remain free. We know President Roosevelt is determined to keep the press free; he puts expression among the four freedoms he would give to the whole world.

Of course the press will co-operate patriotically with the government, in every conceivable instance, to keep information from reaching the enemy. But sensible men know how small a problem that is. There are not many secrets. High experts of Army and Navy and other government departments have assured us of that. Most of the information that a few stupid bureaucrats want to suppress is freely available to any one; for example, any German agent can see in New York harbor vessels that newspapers are asked not to mention. To keep quiet about those ships is obviously silly; it is Punchinello's secret, known to every one.

The truth is that the main reason for insistence on censorship is to set up a screen for stupidity and incompetence. Bureaucrats rejoice in censorship and thrive on it. Now, that is a *real* menace to the safety of the country. And that is why Liberty will remain fearless in the exercise of the freedom guaranteed all American publications by the Constitution of the United States. When, for the welfare of the public, the truth needs to be spoken, we shall speak out boldly. We will not retreat, we will not be frightened off, and we will make ourselves heard.

Thomas Jefferson said: "Better newspapers without government than government without newspapers."

Napoleon said: "I fear a newspaper more than three hundred thousand soldiers."

Liberty says: The American newspapers and magazines are the first line of the forces defending freedom; when the press can be silenced, the battle for liberty is already lost.

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READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

What

England faces another fight after peace is won—Here's a stirring pattern of its goal

BY JOHANNES STE

International Reporter and Radio Commentator

☆ "TO win the peace is going to be more difficult than to win the war," said Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Labor's Minister Without Portfolio in Churchill's Coalition Cabinet, to me when he received me in his new and bare office a few days after the House of Commons had been blasted by German bombers and his offices as well as those of several other Cabinet members had been destroyed.

He offered me a cigarette and settled in his chair. "Yes, the Britain of the future must be a planned Britain and we have to start now—"

Before he could continue, the door opened without a knock and a burly individual without a necktie stuck his head in and shouted, "Now, don't forget, Arthur, I need ye tonight!" "Righto, at nine o'clock," was the cheerful reply, and Mr. Greenwood turned back to me as if the interruption was the sort of thing that might happen any time.

"Now, let's see," resumed the man in charge of Britain's Blueprint of the Future, a white-haired scholarly-looking ex-teacher, next to Harold Laski probably British Labor's most distinguished intellectual. "What do we want for Britain? We want—" and he began counting off on his fingers:

"We want a job for every able-bodied man; some kind of control of the banks and individual investment; lower income tax in the smaller brackets; a national plan related to an international plan.

"We want a minimum wage for all able-bodied adults; allowances for the children; an all-out scheme of social insurance.

"We want everybody to live in cheerful, healthy conditions, which only proper planning can ensure.

"We want an attack on the slums immediately after the war; a bold building plan to civilize our industrial towns.

"We want plans for industry, housing, schools, hospitals, and transport; a plan to bring green grass to the towns and town facilities to the village.

"We want to plan houses for the needs of the housewife; to start new municipal services everywhere—municipal hot water, scientific refuse disposal, a municipal laundry service, the way it was done in Vienna.

"We want proper care and revival of the soil. There will be a commission to apportion the land for the various needs of the community.

"We want the land equipped with modern farm buildings and facilities; scientific and commercial services behind the farmer; a rural civilization; a career for farm workers by awarding land to men of approved experience.

"We want the same kind of education for all up to the age of thirteen; the child's future education to be decided at thirteen; an overhaul of the curriculum in universities.

"We want a healthy diet for all; public health as a positive service; health put on a family basis; a real family and population policy; child-welfare centers started everywhere.

"We want a State Medical Service; the full benefit of medical science available to everybody; a health center for every district.

"We want real holidays for all; facilities for studying the arts; civic centers of music, drama, films, and talk.

"Yes, we want an awful lot of things, and we are jolly well going to get them."

I interrupted: "These are ambitious plans, Mr. Minister. Can all this be done?"

Arthur Greenwood suddenly looked less like a teacher. His square jaw was set stubbornly when he answered.

"This time Labor is trusting its power to deal with the peace after the peace has been won. We do not want

revolution; we want reform, and we are going to get it! I say to American Labor that British Labor is 100 per cent behind the government, and we hope for a decisive contribution on the part of American Labor to the war effort. But this does not mean that Labor has no demands to make after the war. British Labor knows what its wants are, and the things I have mentioned to you are just a few of them. Labor knows that vast building schemes, with slum clearance, are one of the things which can cushion unemployment. This, and the fact that when the war is over the world will be short of consumer goods. Labor is going to see to it that they are manufactured, profits or no profits.

"British Labor in this crisis voluntarily sacrificed many rights before it was asked to do so. Therefore the trade-union movement has become an integral part of the national economy. Reconstruction is no longer exclusively a government matter. Labor will be represented on the Central Planning Authority which I am creating. It will be represented in the Ministry of Health. It will be represented when Britain's new system of universal education is planned."

To my question, "Where is the money to come from?" Mr. Greenwood answered, "Remember that of the 100-per-cent excess profits tax, 20 per cent has already been earmarked to be devoted to reconstruction. If we can tax for war, we can tax for peace."

I asked what he thought would happen on the European continent after the war, and what kind of retribution, if any, should be imposed upon Germany after her defeat. And this wise old man answered very simply, "No country is going to profit from the impoverishment of its neighbors. We have learned from bitter experience the fallacy of economic sanctions. I assure you that surpluses are already being built up in the British Empire in order to feed not only Britain but also the starving peoples of Europe after the war."

Arthur Greenwood is a realist and a practical politician. "It is obvious," he said, "that, the bigger the war effort, the bigger the demobilization problem will be. The most important problem after the war will be the creation of a machinery for demobilization. This in itself will be a gigantic task. For this machinery, and the men running it, will have to decide who of this vast army of four million men should be demobilized first and sent into what industry. It will be necessary to decide, too, what is to happen to the women who, during the war, have taken the place of the men in the factories and in the fields. For we propose to reconstruct Britain from the bottom up."

He then spoke about the question of industrial relations between employer and employee. Here a National Joint Advisory Council has been set up. The National Arbitration Tribunal, which has secured peaceful settlement of wage disputes, is another body whose part in solving the demobilization problem will be decisive.

He rose from his chair and hit the palm of his right hand with his left fist. "There is one thing the British worker will not stand for after the war, and that is unemployment. We simply have got to find employment for these people—*got* to, or there will be hell to pay."

He sat down and continued in a somewhat calmer vein: "Fortunately, there has already been the growth of a new social conscience. You know, some of the rich people in the country have actually been shocked when they received evacué children from the cities. They were shocked at the poverty and abject surroundings from which these children came to them."

British Labor Wants *after the War*

The decentralization of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other big English cities is one of his many plans. "We do not want too many people to live there," he said. "They should go into the country."

In Mr. Greenwood's blueprint, industry must be located from the point of view of national interest and advantageous social conditions, as well as from that of a given industry's special needs. If he has his way, no factories will be built except where there is adequate housing.

The truth of the matter is, Britain's entire industrial set-up needs a complete overhauling. In the last century Britain produced one improvement after another in town building and raised the level of living. Drainage, water supply, gas, electricity, railways, and motor transport came in rapid succession. But the cities remained as they were. Although Britain practically invented the factory system, its industrial plants today contain buildings of every period, most of them completely antiquated. There is a mass of unplanned buildings and streets growing everywhere into hopeless congestion.

"Britain's Planner" waved his arms expansively. "There will be a Central Planning Authority which will determine the locations of new factories. It will be divided into regional bodies. The question whether towns are to be built around shadow factories will be discussed. This involves the Ministry of Health as far as hospitals are concerned, and the educational departments as far as the schools are. You may be sure we will do a thorough job of physical replanning. We shall decide the locations of industry in relation to population, and the availability of vital materials for rebuilding."

From what Mr. Greenwood told me, it is evident that Britain's social experts and architects have already seized the opportunity for replanning her cities and towns on model lines. Definite surveys and plans have already been made in such heavily bombed cities as Coventry, Birmingham, and Bristol.

The London County Council and City Corporation have been asked to prepare plans for the reconstruction of London and the elimination of the East End slums, which have been blasted to rubble by Hitler's bombs. But it is not only a question of physical replanning. I saw, during my stay in Britain this summer, that the condition of agriculture had improved immensely since the drive for home production had begun. A nation-wide survey of farms has been undertaken, and a unified postwar agricultural policy involving the control of surplus commodities may be expected, while agricultural wages have already been stabilized.

Mr. Greenwood is determined that before this war is over there shall be a plan which will decide the future of Britain's agriculture for a long time to come. He is determined to see to it that the land is apportioned for the needs of the various communities. He pointed out that this does not necessarily involve nationalization of the land. As far as he is concerned, the essential thing is that, by public action or private enterprise, the land shall be equipped with the necessary implements, buildings, and power to enable the farmer to get the utmost out of the soil. What he wants is to create a rural civilization to complement the industrial civilization of Britain. This is not merely a question of making farming pay but rather of attracting all kinds of people back to country life.

THE END

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

A short story of acting and love . . . by a novelist who is also an actor himself!

☆ WHEN Lily Layton retired from the stage, back in 1915, the reviewers wound lilac ribbons into their typewriters and wailed that she was "a mocking flame, thistledown in the breeze, the last exquisite bloom of the age of Sarah Bernhardt."

It was universally believed that any one so delightful must be somewhat wicked, and that she drank champagne out of slippers almost continuously. The lamentable truth was that Lily had never but once drunk champagne—at the golden wedding of her father, who was foreman of a hat factory in Danbury. In private life this "mocking flame" was a subdued glowworm, and only in the anonymity of costumes and lights and music on the stage did she dare let her fancy go. It was shyness which beguiled her to marry Mr. Albert Puddington Gooch, and retire from acting at only thirty-five.

Albert was a heavy man, born in Kansas City. He was fond of chess, golf, and thick watch chains, and he had made two million dollars out of the Five Cities Laundry Company. He firmly told Lily that she loved him and depended on him; he told her that she was tired of twenty years of rehearsals and touring; and so, with a never-ended meek surprise, she found herself married to him, with a bulky brownstone house in Manhattan for winter and, for summer, a cobblestone villa at Graham's Beach in Connecticut.

Now she was sixty, and for two years she had been a widow. But she still felt married to Albert and to the laundry business, and the theater seemed lost to her as the roses of Nell Gwyn.

☆ MRS. GOOCH—no one called her Lily now—arose at ten in the morning. She would willingly have been up at six, because she liked the newness of the June mornings here on the shore, but for twenty-three years Albert had asserted that she was a frail skylark, and he was a man, by golly, that could afford to have a wife who elegantly slept late.

Soft in a chiffon negligee, she had breakfast by a window overlooking an inlet, but for a frail skylark she did pretty well: tomato juice and oatmeal and bacon and eggs and English muffins with blackberry jam. She looked no more than thirty-five. Perhaps time had halted during her years of loafing and Albertry, when she had no life in the theater and not much outside it. Her neck was uncorded, her mouth was babyish, her hair remained golden—with aid from a recipe invented by Albert himself—and when she put on horn spectacles to read the morning paper, she looked like a girl playing gramma.

She dressed slowly, in a suit of amber-colored English flannel with shortish skirt, amber silk stockings, and sports shoes with fringed tongues, of which she was childishly proud. She put on fringed gardening gloves and sunglasses, and went out to try to think of doing something with the primulas in the rock garden.

She picked off three dead leaves, moved a pebble two inches, and put a watering can away in the tool closet. From the lawn she looked up at the front of Cobble Cottage: the lower porch of bumpy cobblestone arches, the roof of violent green tiles. It was the stanch abode of an Albert Gooch, and there would rarely be any repairs for Lily to enjoy fussing over.

It was now eleven thirty, and so far this morning she had said no word to anybody, except "Good morning" to Bessie, the substantial maid who had brought her breakfast. Lunch would not come till one thirty, and it would already have been ordered by the militant cook-housekeeper hired fifteen years ago by Albert.

She thought of telephoning some one—but whom? Her days had no emergencies; they followed the Albertian routine. Today was Monday. On Wednesday she would be dining with Judge and Mrs. O'Rafferty from Brooklyn; on Friday she would have

Through a tight throat Lily croaked, "So you don't believe in magic—in romance—in illusion?"

They Had *Magic* Then!

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

Alderman and Mrs. McGhoul, from Utica, for dinner; on Saturday she would go to the dance at the country club, but go home at nine thirty, because Lily didn't dance. That is to say, Albert hadn't danced.

Yet she was not bored, because there had never been any one to ask her if she was bored.

Joyfully she did think of something exhilarating to do. She would go shopping. Nothing was needed for the house; the morosely punctilious cook and the wordless Bessie, the maid, would have seen to that, and as to Lily's wardrobe, it had been chosen, down to the last lipstick and beach hat, by Miss Agatha Blitzen of Highup & Swan's. But still, Lily might find something, some new kind of woolly animal, for Albert's niece in Spokane.

She felt as though she ought to ask Cook's permission for going away only two hours before lunch, but, so impulsively that it took her only ten minutes to put away her gardening gloves, she darted off.

She plodded up the weedy lane from Placid Point to Trumbull Avenue. She stopped to watch Joe Silva paint a catboat. She stared into the windows of Ye Poke About Shoppe, with china cats, and Ye Ann Teak Sanktuaree, with porcelain dogs, and The Misses Lambkill: Teas and Luncheons. She stopped to watch a motorist with a West Virginia license buy gas.

The day was hot and humid and dispirited. She wished she had stayed home. On Trumbull Avenue she was more awed than usual by the superior mansions with white pillars, which much resembled the old native Connecticut families who owned them and to whom the words Albert P. Gooch had never, in twenty-five years, been anything but a foreign expression signifying zero.

She came to the town hall: white clapboards and wide green shutters, and on top a prim lantern with a gilded nutmeg for weathercock. The hall contained a sizable auditorium where, in winter, the villagers conducted dances and basket suppers and heard glee clubs from the minor colleges. Lily Layton Gooch, the hermit of matrimony, had never been inside the town hall. She stopped now, for across the front of it, as indecorous as a Hawaiian lei across the shirt front of a senator, was a sign of painted canvas:

THE BEACH PLAYERS
Lincoln Earlhill, Mgr.
10 Wks. of Summer Stock
Broadway Successes with
Professional Actors

This would be the first time during Lily's exile that the village had had any theatrical production more ambitious than Charley's Aunt, as presented by the Clambake Boating Club, with the plumber's assistant as Lord Fancourt Babberley.

Diffidently she entered the hall.

(Continued on page 45)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A parachute trainee on his way up. "Parachute troops are an American invention that was allowed to lapse. Large numbers are essential."

Wh

Presenting the case for the die-hards—Has the war proved them right?

☆ THE United States defense forces have learned enough from Britain's experiences in the war to make the $7,000,000,000 lease-lend appropriation a very cheap price indeed for our education.

At the war's outset, we sent our best military airplanes to Britain, where they virtually had to be rebuilt, so inadequately armed and equipped were they. We were quick to learn, but the progress of military aviation has been quicker. Since then we have been sending the R. A. F. pursuit planes with a speed of six miles a minute at 20,000 feet that spout bullets from nests of machine guns mounted in the wings. Recently we have learned that *slower* planes mounting several small cannons would probably be better.

We have learned what Germany's "secret weapon" was that brought Holland, Belgium, and France tumbling. It was—and is—*co-ordination.* In consequence of this lesson, the Department of Aviation which our government was about to install has been smothered in embryo.

Ever since General "Billy" Mitchell fought his losing fight on the issue, there has been agitation to create a separate, independent federal Department of Aviation on a par with the Departments of War and Navy. When certain deficiencies of American aviation were demonstrated by test of war, the hullabaloo grew louder. Many flying men joined in the chorus, some of them with military and naval titles. Their main reliance was on the statement: "The Germans and the British have independent air arms."

The Germans and the British did not long maintain these in actual practice, once the real fighting began, and today, although the chorus is still strongly demanding a Department of Aviation for the United States, the idea is declared to be obsolete.

A new concept of wartime offensive and defensive co-ordination has come into being, which our alert Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, has been quietly adapting for this nation's peculiar defense problem. The appointments of Robert A. Lovett as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, an old post left vacant for years, General H. H. Arnold as Deputy Chief of Staff for Air, an entirely new command, and General Delos C. Emmons as Chief of the newly formed G. H. Q. Air Force, are significant developments. Naval aviation, directed by capable Admiral John H. Towers, maintains constant and effective liaison with the Army Air Corps.

The Germans employed the idea successfully in breaking through the Little Maginot Line and in the occupation of Norway. The British suffered from the lack of it right up to Dunkirk, and conspicuously at Scapa Flow. They adopted it in driving the Italians back in Africa, and in their victory over the Italian navy.

Fundamentally, the idea is the consolidation of air, land, and sea forces under a single command in a specific zone of action. An air officer may be in charge, a naval officer, or a ground officer, depending on whether the solution of the tactical problem rests most on airplanes, ships, or ground forces. In other words, the new method is not toward further separation of the components of defense or attack, but is in just the opposite direction.

With complete co-operation of the army and navy, strategic defense zones are being organized for the United States, from Newfoundland to the far Pacific, in which consolidated air-land-sea forces will operate in an emergency under unified command of specially trained officers.

Britain became conscious of the fallacy of the independent air arm after the raid on Scapa Flow. The Germans had everything their own way, brushing aside the fleet's tiny air force like gnats, while the might of the R. A. F. never left its airdromes for lack of orders. But it was not until the occupation of Norway, in which the German air force, army, and navy meshed gears in one smooth-running machine under one commander, that the efficiency of co-ordination became fully apparent to the Allies. Before they could adopt it themselves came the German breakthrough on the western front—and the fall of France.

On paper, Britain and Germany still maintain independent air ministries. In action, all units of the war machine operate together under the command of the officer best qualified by special training to direct the operations called for by the zone of action. In the North African campaigns the British used that method under General Wavell with overwhelming success, the navy, the R. A. F., and the mechanized infantry clicking along together until Italy was all but knocked out.

Bombing planes are, in net effect, highly mobile long-range cannon of heavy caliber—even flying projectiles. The United States has led the way in this special field of military aviation. Dive bombing is an American invention. So is the flying fortress type of huge armored long-distance bomber. We still lead the world in the design of bombing planes, but we are just beginning to catch up in developing pursuit or chaser airplanes. The war in Europe has taught us the vital importance of the pursuit plane in its doubly defensive role—to protect bombers against enemy aircraft while on offensive missions, and to protect targets selected by the enemy for bombing. With the development of the multi-cannon defending pursuit plane, daylight offensive bombing—most desirable from a military point of view because of its greater accuracy—is disappearing. But to what can happen to a nation without hordes of pursuit planes, the ruined cities of Yugoslavia and Greece bear smoking testimony.

So we have learned another priceless lesson. We still have a lot to learn, from textbooks printed in red—about training our flyers, for one thing.

For humane reasons, I suppose, we have picked the flattest part of the United States with the least variable weather and the most cloudless skies in which to teach military aviation. But combat duty means the fogs and snows of Alaska and Newfoundland, the tropical deluges of the Caribbean, and the squalls of the Gulf Stream. Clouds are almost as important to the military aviator as his propeller. He hides in them to ambush his foe, he dives into them to escape. Our men in training are kept away from clouds. Of course that is fine for elementary pilot training, and it results, theoretically, in fewer losses of men and

Liberty believes in a separate air force. It does not believe that the recent reorganization in the army has any real meaning as far as improvement is concerned. But so much has been printed about the need of a separate air arm, that in the spirit of fair play Liberty here gives the other side—with which it wholly disagrees.

Washington Does Not Want a Separate *Air* Force

BY WALTER KARIG

airplanes—*in peacetime!* In wartime it means possible disaster, not only to the aviator insufficiently used to bad-weather flying but to the troops and towns he is supposed to defend. No military pilot training is complete until the mental hazard of bad-weather flying has been removed by personal experience. The European aviator must fly in any weather that is good enough to enable him to get his machine off the ground.

We can be criticized, too, if too much attention is paid to close-formation flying in other than day bombardment operations. Close-order pursuit flying makes a swell show, but it is now in the same out-of-date class as infantry close-order drill and right-by-squads. Combat flying requires eyes in the back of the head as well as in front all the while.

We have lacked instructors with actual air-combat experience, either as participants or observers, until just recently. The Germans used Spain's civil war as a school for future instructors. While Britain and the United States shut their official eyes to the fact that the Spanish war was a dress rehearsal for the attack on democracy, the totalitarian boys were getting an education that put them a full year ahead of the R. A. F., and the Americans haven't yet begun to catch up in pilot numbers to match our projected plane-production program. Both the British and we are still terribly short of pilots qualified to handle multi-motored aircraft.

We are deficient in military transport planes. Parachute troops are an American invention that was allowed to lapse until the German imitators demonstrated its value. Both transport planes and parachute troops in large numbers are essential for a defense of the Western Hemisphere.

I am permitted to reveal that important first steps have been taken to remedy these conditions. The army has instituted regular interdepot schedules of aerial supply flights, with some forty large transport planes engaged in regular freighting flights in the United States and to Panama, later to be extended to additional outlying defense areas such as Alaska. Congressional hearings state that the army will acquire 275 new modified transport planes of the same capacious type used by the commercial companies. That increase will give the air corps approximately 525 cargo airplanes. In an emergency, 350 more could be supplied by the commercial air lines, for a total of 875 long-range heavy-load carrier planes.

British Intelligence has reported the Germans as having 3,500!

We realized at last that in continental, not to mention hemisphere, defense the United States must measure its aerial distances in thousands of miles against the hundreds that the Nazis traverse in the quick transfer of troops and matériel in Europe and Africa. Criticisms of the President's warnings that ours is a long-range defense problem appear more amateurish than ever in the light of today's realities.

Such cargo planes and supply craft of an aerial Service of Supply would probably be manned by overage reserve pilots and private flyers physically disqualified for combat service. There are several thousand reservist pilots in the United States ready to take on that important detail—*when we have the ships!*

But it is the other way around in combat flying and bombing. If we are to have a fighting air fleet of 40,000 planes, we will have to have 80,000 pilots and twice as many specialists to round out the air corps personnel. We had plenty of warning of that ultimate necessity. Now it is upon us.

Aviation progress in the United States—and there has been amazing progress—has been made in the face of enraging obstacles, some of them cunningly provided by our enemies and some by our almost ruinous national apathy.

Germany was at war with us *before Hitler!* The fifth column was here before that term for it was coined during the Spanish revolution. By the patent-pooling and licensing system now under vigorous attack by the Department of Justice, the great German chemical and metallurgical trusts exercised effective controls over American production and use of iridium, beryllium, and magnesium, for the lack of which we are suffering acutely today. By sewing up American industry with contracts limiting production and prohibiting export in exchange for monopolistic use of German patents, the Nazis put the brakes on the United States while skimming along in high themselves. One superiority German airplanes have enjoyed is greater lightness in certain essential parts due to the extensive use of magnesium, and greater strength through use of iridium and beryllium.

There you have some of the lessons we have learned from the war in Europe, lessons acquired more cheaply than we deserve. Some of them we have not taken to heart even yet. Potentially we are unbeatable in the air. Belatedly we are on our way to world supremacy through production capacity. Thanks to broad-minded, practically imaginative men, of whom Chief of Staff Marshall is a fine example, we are getting real things accomplished in defense planning. For one thing, aviation is being taken out of its fairy-tale romantic setting—adulation of "aces" and knight-errantry—and put where it belongs as an integral part of the nation's co-ordinated war machine.

We are overquick to teach, overslow to learn, perhaps. But once we get started—look out, tough guy!

THE END

Pigskin

☆ THE following preview of the national football situation on the eve of the 1941 campaign was made after a thorough and comprehensive survey of the leading teams in the circuit. The conclusions set down here were reached after personal interviews and correspondence with head coaches, a study of material at spring training sessions, and an analysis of the potential merits of each squad.

Obviously there is no way of determining what effects the draft will have on teams. Some have registered a dozen players, while others have none who is eligible for conscription.

Coaches everywhere are reconciled to the situation confronting them. They feel, and rightly so, that football's primary purpose is to develop men, and if those men can be of service to the country in time of need, so much the better. Football this year, with all its thrills and dramatics, will be unofficially part and parcel of the defense program. It will build man power and morale and help convince Americans that in the embattled skirmishes of the football field may be found at least one good reason why American youth has not gone soft.

Tips on Tactics and Rules Changes

Look for more widespread use of the T and spread formations this year than ever before. These developments can be attributed to the success which Clark Shaughnessy enjoyed at Stanford last year, where his T formation took his team to the Rose Bowl, and to Frank Leahy, whose spread formation brought his Boston College eleven to the Sugar Bowl, where it beat Tennessee.

A few important changes in the rules are effective this season. All of them are easy to remember:

A team may make as many substitutions as it wishes, and the same player may return to the game in the same period in which he was withdrawn.

It is now legal to hand the ball forward behind the line of scrimmage.

On a fourth down forward pass incomplete behind the opponents' goal line, the touchback no longer results.

And if a player of the kicking team touches a ball illegally inside the opponents' ten-yard line, the penalty is a touchback.

Pacific Coast

☆ MORE than 500 college football teams will take the field within the next few weeks, but by the time the snow flies less than ten will be subjects of national interest. Stanford, the Rose Bowl champion last New Year's Day, Minnesota, Notre Dame, Texas, Tennessee, Duke, Nebraska, and Fordham appear to be slated for leadership. Pressing them for the honors will be Southern California, Northwestern, Southern Methodist, Mississippi State, Alabama, North Carolina, Temple, Colgate, and possibly Navy.

No team in the Pacific Coast Conference appears the equal of Clark Shaughnessy's Stanford outfit. Milt Vucinich will replace talented Norman Standlee, and while both Hugh Gallarneau and Stan Graff are gone, Frank Albert, the best quarterback on the West Coast, together with eight veterans, including phenomenal Pete Kmetovic, can be depended on to do a fine job. Obviously, the law of probabilities is definitely against the Palo Altoans going unbeaten, yet they must be ranked first, theoretically, in their circuit.

A shade behind Stanford in potential power is Southern California, which suffered a severe blow in the death recently of Howard Jones, its famous coach. The Trojans build their offense around one man, the quarterback, and this year they have in Bob Robertson a senior triple threat who is ready to put them up front again. At Berkeley, California, while better than in 1940, does not look like a championship threat, despite the fact Stub Allison has given the eleven more speed. Halfback Jim Jurgovich does the hundred in 9.8—which doesn't hurt him carrying the leather.

Washington State, dark horse of the North, is stronger than Oregon State. The latter is a very fine club, but without the services of Jim Kisselburgh its chances are doubtful. Oregon expects the best team it has had in years, but U. C. L. A. is weaker than last fall, when they lost nine games. The Uclans' key back is Ted Forbes, a little 150-pounder who can pass and run expertly. Washington, handicapped by the loss of Mucha, McAdams, Marks, and McDowell, is slightly below the standard of the Indians and Trojans.

Washington unfortunately gets off on the wrong foot again by meeting Minnesota in the opening game, and the chances are that Phelan's team, lacking reserves as it does, will be set back several weeks by the destructive Gophers.

Outside the Coast Conference stands the little giant killer, Santa Clara, which, as usual, is ready for all comers. Buck Shaw's team faces a terrific schedule, but he is convinced his boys will come through. In Ken Casenaga, Shaw believes he has one of the best backs in the game.

Red Strader of St Mary's has a stronger and more poised unit than he had a year ago. Against Fordham the 1940 Gaels looked invincible, but they collapsed suddenly and without warning. Strader evidently has solved the problem by increasing his reserve strength and will have a more gratifying year.

Midwest

☆ MINNESOTA is slated to dominate the Western Conference again, as it has done so often under Bernie Bierman's guidance. Michigan and Northwestern have both slipped a little. Michigan, without Harmon to carry the ball, and Evashevski to block, can't possibly be the team it was last season when it almost beat the Gophers. Northwestern, on the other hand, lacks depth in the line, but with de Correvont and Clawson, two of the best backs in the Conference, it must be regarded as a dangerous and powerful team.

Minnesota lost Franck, a great back, but Bierman has five aggressive and dependable reserves ready to step in with the six returning regulars. Smith is a brilliant carrier who will give the Gophers plenty of scoring punch. Biggest factor in Bierman's favor, however, is his sound coaching policy He teaches his team how to stop anything aimed its way. It's a rare outfit that scores twice on Minnesota in one game.

Dark horse of the Conference is Wisconsin, but there is no telling how it will fare without George Paskvan. Indiana, which by the grace of God doesn't meet Minnesota or Michigan, expects a stronger team than last year. Iowa's prospects are no better than last fall, but Illinois' should be an improved eleven. Bob Zuppke, Illini coach, is out to upset one of the favorites this season, and his eyes seem to be on Minnesota. Bierman better watch out. Not that Illinois is comparable in power, but Zuppke's daring and ingenuity know no bounds.

An interesting experiment is in progress at Ohio State, where Francis Schmidt has been replaced by Coach Paul Brown of high-school football fame. Columbus fans are counting on him to rehabilitate the Buckeye football fortunes, and while it is about as easy to jump from high-school to college coaching as it is to bag an elephant with a popgun, Brown will doubtless do a good job. But this season Ohio State is not in the same category as Minnesota, Michigan, or Northwestern.

Purdue has enough veteran talent to insure a smooth offense, and if Mal Elward's team can shake off the hard luck that plagued it last fall, the Boilermakers will do fairly well. But even at best it isn't in the cards for Purdue to win a place among the first three at the finish line. Sharing the spotlight with leaders in the Midwest will be Notre Dame, where Frank

Leahy, fresh from his triumph at Boston College, has been called to fill the vacancy left by Elmer Layden, now czar of the National Professional Football League. Leahy himself doesn't expect a great team this year, because he needs reserves for several key positions.

But when Leahy has players like Juzwik, Evans, Hargrave, Captain Lillis, Brutz, and Dove to build around, it is hard to believe he will not have another unbeatable unit. Notre Dame is certain to pack more drive and sparkle, more scoring power and smartness than it has since the days of the Four Horsemen. It should go through its schedule without a setback. Northwestern and Navy will be its hardest games.

Southwest

☆ AS in other years, the Southwest will again be the scene of more football fireworks than any other section. The big rugged Texans play a bruising type of football, as wide open as the plains, where the sky is the limit. But this season, instead of Texas A. & M. or Southern Methodist heading the list, there is reason to believe genial Dana Bible's University of Texas team is set to take the Conference crown. Texas lacks weight but has speed to burn, and with a few breaks in the weather will be unstoppable. Homer Norton's Texas Aggies lost more than twenty men from last season's Cotton Bowl squad, and Homer admits this is one campaign where he doesn't expect his team to do too much. But the Aggies will be dangerous so long as "Jitterbug" Henderson has one arm loose to snare a pass. John Kimbrough, driving line smasher, is sure to be missed, and so are Thomason, Robnett, Pugh, Sterling, and Pannell.

Southern Methodist is the logical bet for runner-up position to Texas. Matty Bell has a strong outfit but experience is lacking at center and quarterback. Six of last year's regulars are gone but sophomore material is good.

Texas Christian should have a successful season, provided Dutch Meyer can give stability to his defense. Rice, however, is stronger than the Horned Frogs, and may even push Southern Methodist down a peg. Outside the Conference, Texas Tech, with one of the fastest backfields in the country, may surprise. Speed counts in the Southwest, and the boys from Lubbock have it. Dell Morgan, Red Raider coach, is going to be very disappointed if his outfit doesn't finish somewhere near the top. At Baylor, Frank Kimbrough has inadequate reserve talent. Wilson, a good tailback, and Russell, a 225-pound end, give the team the needed lift.

Southeastern Conference

☆ THERE is much talk this year about Tennessee's plight, its dearth of man power, and the strength of Mississippi State and Alabama, but when it is recalled the Volunteers have John (Gone with the Wind) Butler in the backfield, along with a sophomore sirocco, Bob Cifers, whose football record in high school overshadows that of de Correvont, it is a safe bet John Barnhill's (Major Bob Neyland's successor) team will be the titleholder.

Neyland, of course, will be missed, as there is none like him, but Barnhill is one of his best pupils, and should be able to teach the Major's system successfully. There is no underrating of Mississippi State, Orange Bowl winner, however, as it is potentially one of the best in the South. Alabama, too, is full of lightning, but Tennessee's schedule will help it in its championship campaign. Duke will probably beat the Volunteers in their first big game of the year. But that will not hurt Tennessee's Southeastern Conference rating.

Alabama was weakened when Captain John Thomas joined the Air Corps last May. In John Whyonic, Coach Frank Thomas has a brilliant lineman, and Nelson, Brown, and Craft are ground-gaining backs. Holt Rast is a wingman who should make the headlines, and Al Sabo, a dependable quarterback, is eager to steer his team to the coveted crown.

Georgia, which kicked away many scoring chances with boners last fall, is heavier and wiser, but it still lacks championship class. Wallace Butts' outfit can expect plenty of trouble from Columbia and Alabama.

Other good Southern teams are Ole Miss, Florida, L. S. U., Tulane, and Georgia Tech. Florida has a hard

Forecast

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

Who'll win? A gridiron immortal gives you Liberty's annual preview

Frank Albert, Stanford's star quarter.

schedule, and may bow to L. S. U., Villanova, and Georgia. Auburn rates about on a par with the team it had a year ago. Tulane expects to do better than in 1940, when it stumbled on Boston College and played erratically from then on. Vanderbilt doesn't appear very dangerous, but Sewanee is expecting a better outfit.

Southern Conference

☆ DUKE, which is still talking about the game it dropped to Tennessee last year, should come roaring through the Southern Conference provided it can improve its defensive strength. Wallace Wade, known for his ability as a defensive coach, is nevertheless seriously worried about this department. The Blue Devil machine will be constructed around Lach, Storer, and Swiger in the backfield; Piasecky, Smith, and Dempsey on the wings; Barnett at center; and McDonough and Karmazin at the tackles. The guards will be the weak spots, and the reserves of doubtful quality. Put the Colgate-Duke game down in your notebook as one of the high lights of the season.

Behind Duke in theoretical strength stands North Carolina, where Ray "Bear" Wolf has the makings of a fine machine, despite the loss of Severin, Lalanne, and Kimball. His forward wall is heavier and better than in 1940. The Tarheels would be as strong as Duke were they not dependent on three sophomores in the backfield. They may flare or fizzle. Harry Dunkle, co-captain and blocking back, has everything a good player needs.

Frank Howard's Clemson team is strong again, but, unfortunately for the fans, it doesn't meet Duke or North Carolina. It steps out of its territory geographically, however, to meet Boston College on October 11, and this should be one of the best games of the day. Another tough battle will be the meeting with George Washington two weeks later. George Washington is looking forward to a much better season than last year.

V. M. I.'s prospects are not too bright. Furman is due to get off to a bad start with Tennessee. South Carolina is about on a par with last year's team, which was subpar. Maryland is improved slightly but not much. Citadel has an inexperienced team, while Maryland is stronger despite the loss of twelve men from the squad. Richmond, Furman, Davidson, and Virginia Tech are about as in 1940.

Big Six

☆ JUST as Utah is the standout team of the Rocky Mountain area, Nebraska again should dominate the Big Six, thanks to the presence of such men as Herndon and Schleich, tackles; Abel, a guard; Francis, fullback; and Zikmund, halfback. But with nine men gone from the team that lost to Stanford in the Rose Bowl, affable Biff Jones has a lot of coaching to do. Hopp and Rohrig are hard to replace. Marvin Athey, Jones' quarterback prospect, seems to have sound tactical sense, and that will help.

Missouri is stronger than last year, when it dropped three and won six games. Don Faurot expects to win all but two games. Neither Kansas, Kansas State, nor Iowa State can match Nebraska or Missouri in theoretical power, but Oklahoma can't be overlooked among the teams in the Big Six.

East

☆ THE dominating eleven on the East's football horizon is Fordham. The bulky Ram looms like a giant among midgets, and its intersectional schedule fairly screams "Bowl Game!" Its line is bigger and probably better than the famous Seven Blocks of Granite, despite the loss of Vince Dennery, Joe Ungerer, Lou DeFilippo, and John Kuzman. Five returning regulars—Captain Larry Sartori, Tom Bennett, Jim Lansing, Jim Blumenstock, and Steve Filipowicz—give it poise, and a sophomore firebrand, 190-pound Joe Andrejco, a gifted breakaway runner, adds scoring power to the backfield.

THE AUTHOR

Eddie—more formally Edwin B.—Dooley is widely known as sportscaster, author of stories and articles about sports, and the All-America quarterback (Dartmouth, 1924) whose memoirs as such were serialized. He's also a Fordham Law School graduate.

Andrejco may well prove the "find" of the year, while his backfield mate Filipowicz, the best long-range passer in college ranks, should be a sensational fullback. Besides Andrejco, there are other promising sophomores, including Sam Ososki, Ben Babula, and Joe Malley, backs; and Joe Yachanich, George Tepo, and Joe Ryan, linemen. With due respect for the opposition, Fordham should go unbeaten.

With the exceptions of Colgate, which is potentially a great team, Temple, and Boston College, which again possesses plenty of man power, no unit in the East is in Fordham's class. Cornell lost twenty-six of last year's squad, including the entire eleven which took the field against Ohio State.

While Carl Snavely is one coach who could probably make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, it must be admitted the coming season finds him sitting directly behind the eight ball. Nevertheless his team will be hard to beat, though not unbeatable. Reports that Cornell has another powerhouse are unfounded. Navy, Colgate, and Columbia should trim Cornell, for the Ithacans will be made up of last year's substitutes plus players from a freshman team that was a bust. The Big Red frosh outfit dropped three out of four games.

Close to the top of the Eastern ladder stands Navy, which has a wealth of man power unprecedented at Annapolis. Colgate, however, is the team to watch. Stars fell on the Chenango last fall and this year they should light up the sky. Outclassed for a decade, Andy Kerr is ready to prove he hasn't lost his touch. Colgate's freshman outfit was exceptional and the dozen men it will send up to an already formidable varsity will help a lot. Jo Jo McCourt, Indian Bill Geyer, and other veterans are on hand, and the stage is set for a new deal at Hamilton. With Fred Swan handling the line and Kerr the backfield, look forward to a razzle-dazzle attack that knows where it's going. Colgate has a hard schedule, but has a good chance of going through with colors flying.

Boston College, under its new coach Denny Myers, will be well manned and hard to stop, but it can hardly be expected to duplicate last year's performance. Harry Connolly takes over where Charlie O'Rourke left off, but even backs like him and his teammates Holovak, Kissell, and Maznicki need support from the line. Many of last year's heroic forwards are gone.

Columbia will be the best team in the Ivy League, thanks to a veteran backfield and a line stabilized by experienced players. Wood, Germann, Governali, Will, McIlvennan, Spiegal, and a newcomer named Kerouac will give the Lions plenty of scoring drive, while Makofske, Maack, De Martini, Sinton, Siegal, Kelleher, and the great center Snavely do the work up front.

Penn will miss Francis Reagan's thrilling runs and the grand play of Ray Frick, and consequently will lack last year's luster. The Philadelphians, although dangerous, are not as good as in 1940. The schedule is mostly Old Ivy, hence not too difficult.

Manhattan has bitten off more than it can chew once again, and will pay the penalty in defeats. Mazur and Gnup will be missed sorely, but Kopf has in McNulty a good tailback, and a fine spinner in Kiessecker.

Dartmouth is better than last year, thanks to a wealth of sophomore material which Tuss McLaughry found on hand when he took over Earl Blaik's old job. Tuss, whose All Stars beat the New York Professional Giants last September, may surprise the opposition. Not since the days when Bob McLeod was bowlin' 'em over have backs at Hanover been so talented. McLaughry, son of the coach, looks like the best of the lot. The Big Green, by no means invincible, should be a winning team.

Harvard heads up the big three with a senior eleven that started to go places late last year. Coach Harlow's system of attack demands so much rehearsing that Harvard will probably drop a few games before it clicks, but it is stronger than Yale or Princeton. Yale, three deep at every position for the first time in years, has a new coach, Swede Nelson, and it usually takes time for a system to be installed. Princeton is dependent largely on Captain Bob Peters, and is shy of

really outstanding players. The Tiger may reasonably be expected to lose half its games.

While Navy has all the earmarks of an Eastern powerhouse, it must overcome its tendency to draw too many blanks when inside the ten-yard line. Power and heft are plentiful at Annapolis, and, in keeping with the national defense program, it looks like a big year for the midshipmen. If Major Larson's boys can get by Notre Dame, they should have clear sailing.

Army, on the other hand, is not impressive. While it has three courageous triple threats in Masur, Maupin, and Hatch, none of them is a Chris Cagle, and the line is lacking in quality. The West Pointers will be a smart team under the tutelage of Earl Blaik and his staff, but Army is a year or two away from gridiron greatness.

As usual, Villanova has a good contingent, and so has Duquesne. Joe Pezelski, one of Clipper Smith's Villanova sophomores, may be a sensation this fall, and Bernie Semes of Villanova, an elusive 174-pound whippet, will be worth watching.

Syracuse is improved over last year, but Solem must strengthen the tackle slots. Georgetown is weaker, due to the loss of last year's regulars. Frank Dornfeld is the Hoyas' best carrier, while six-foot-six-inch Al Blozis is outstanding on the line. Holy Cross expects to show more power and, being hungry for victory, win more games. Grigas is a fine fullback, and the Crusaders have a pair of triple threats in Sullivan and Natowich.

Temple, with Tomasic doing the groundwork, is better than ever. Ray Morrison, an aerial-minded coach, is readying a great team. Rutgers, West Virginia, Brown, and Boston University expect to move forward over last year's showing, but Carnegie Tech's outlook is darker than ever. N. Y. U.'s prospects are only fair. In the Little Three, Williams has the edge, with Amherst second and Wesleyan last.

THE END

Sectional Rating of Teams for 1941

Pacific Coast	STANFORD
Rocky Mountain	UTAH
Western Con.	MINNESOTA
Big Six	NEBRASKA
Missouri Valley	TULSA
Southwestern Con.	TEXAS
Southeastern Con.	TENNESSEE
Southern Con.	DUKE
East	FORDHAM

Summary of Teams for 1941

Key: a—Exceptionally strong.
b—Better than in 1940.
c—Same as in 1940.
d—Weaker than in 1940.

FAR WEST: California, b; College of the Pacific, c; Fresno State, c; Gonzaga, c; Idaho, b; Loyola of L. A., c; Montana, c; Nevada, c; Occidental, c; Oregon, b; Oregon State, c; Portland, b; St. Mary's, b; San Francisco U., c; San Jose State, d; Santa Barbara, b; Santa Clara, b; Southern California, b; U. C. L. A., d; Washington, d; Washington State, b.

MIDWEST: Akron, b; Baldwin-Wallace, c; Butler, c; Case, c; Cincinnati, b; Dayton, c; Detroit, c; Illinois, b; Indiana, b; Iowa, c; Marquette, b; Miami of Ohio, b; Michigan, d; Michigan State, b; North Dakota, d; North Dakota State, b; Northwestern, c; Notre Dame, b; Ohio State, b; Ohio University, d; Ohio Wesleyan, d; Purdue, c; South Dakota, c; South Dakota State, d; Toledo, c; Western Reserve, d; Wisconsin, b; Xavier, c.

SOUTHWEST: Arizona, c; Arizona State, c; Arkansas, b; Baylor, c; Hardin-Simmons, d; New Mexico, c; New Mexico Aggies, c; Rice, b; Southern Methodist, a; Texas A. & I., b; Texas A. & M., d; Texas Christian, b; Texas Mines, b; Texas Tech, b.

MISSOURI VALLEY: Creighton, b; Drake, c; Iowa State, c; Kansas, c; Kansas State, b; Missouri, b; Oklahoma, d; Oklahoma A. & M., b; St. Louis, b; Washburn, b; Washington U., c.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN: Brigham Young, c; Colorado College, c; Colorado Mines, b; Colorado State, b; Colorado U., c; Denver, b; Greeley State, b; Utah State, b; Wyoming, c.

SOUTH: Alabama, a; Auburn, c; Centenary, c; Centre, c; Chattanooga, d; Citadel, d; Clemson, c; Davidson, c; Davis & Elkins, c; Florida, c; Furman, c; George Washington, b; Georgia, b; Georgia Tech., b; Howard, c; Kentucky, c; Louisiana Normal, c; Louisiana State U., b; Louisiana Tech., c; Louisville, b; Maryland, c; Miami, c; Mississippi, b; Mississippi State, a; North Carolina, c; North Carolina State, b; Richmond, c; South Carolina, c; Southwestern, b; Tulane, b; Vanderbilt, c; Virginia, b; V. M. I., c; V. P. I., c; Wake Forest, c; Washington and Lee, b; Western Maryland, b; William and Mary, b.

EAST: Albright, c; Amherst, c; Army, b; Bates, d; Boston College, a; Boston U., c; Bowdoin, b; Brooklyn, c; Brown, c; Bucknell, c; Canisius, d; Carnegie Tech., d; C. C. N. Y., c; Colby, c; Colgate, a; Columbia, b; Connecticut, b; Cornell, d; Dartmouth, b; Delaware, b; Duquesne, b; Franklin & Marshall, d; Georgetown, d; Harvard, b; Holy Cross, b; Lafayette, d; La Salle, d; Lehigh, c; L. I. U., c; Maine, b; Manhattan, c; Marshall, d; Navy, a; New Hampshire, c; N. Y. U., c; Niagara, c; Penn, d; Penn State, d; Pitt, c; Princeton, d; Providence, b; Rhode Island, c; Rochester, b; Rutgers, c; St. Anselm, c; St. Vincent, c; Scranton, b; Syracuse, c; Temple, a; U. S. Coast Guard, b; Vermont, d; Villanova, b; Wesleyan, d; West Virginia, b; Williams, b; Yale, c.

Players Who Should Be Outstanding This Year

Key: Backs—b; linemen—l.

Lucas l, Akron; Nelson b, Brown b, Craft b, Rast l, Alabama; Ruman b, McCain l, Arizona; Russell l, Baylor; Williams b, Boston U.; Margarita b, Brown; B. Rinehard l, Jurgovich b, California; Pash b, Carnegie Tech.; Johnson b, Centenary; Newell b, Citadel; Fritts l, Payne b, M. Butler b, Clemson; McCourt b, Hanover b, Guenther l, Colgate; Snavely l, Columbia; Brock b, Creighton; McLaughry b, Dartmouth; Hogan l, Wright b, Denver; Adams l, Drake; McDonough l, Karmazin l, Duke; Semes b, Matisi l, Duquesne; Hull l, Harrison b, Florida; Filipowicz b, Andrejco b, Sartori l, Fordham; Dornfeld b, Blozis l, Audet l, Georgetown; Fedora b, George Washington; Green l, Sinkwich b, Georgia; Sullivan b, Digris l, Brennan l, Holy Cross; Clark b, Manson b, Idaho; Good b, Griffin b, Illinois; Hillenbrand b, Saban b, Indiana; Green b, Youel b, Urban l, Iowa; Zeimer b, Zibrinsky b, Kresge l, Lafayette; Clark l, Lehigh; Thibaut b, Sims b, L. S. U.; Schmidt b, Pacewic b, Loyola of L. A.; Marone l, McNulty b, Manhattan; Richardson b, Marquette; Conrad l, Hunt l, Cordyack b, Maryland; McDougal b, Miami of Florida; Westfall b, Ceithaml b, Wistert l, Michigan; Smith b, Oddson l, Minnesota; Hovius b, Hapes b, Mississippi; Tripson l, Mississippi State; Jenkins l, Ice b, Missouri; Hall b, Bove l, New Hampshire; Cherico l, Barmak b, N. Y. U.; White l, Suntheimer l, Dunkle b, Austin b, North Carolina; Clawson b, de Correvont b, Northwestern; Juzwik b, Notre Dame; Mechan b, Bodner l, Segal l, Newquist b, Oregon; Dethman b, Peters b, Day b, Busch b, Oregon State; Krouse b, Penn State; Peters b, Princeton; Sullivan l, Providence; Blecharczyk l, Dweyer b, Rhode Island State; MacDonald l, Utz b, Ratti b, Rutgers; Sheafe l, Tonsing l, Trebotich b, St. Mary's; Casanega b, Visalli b, Forrest l, Beggs l, Santa Clara; Messoline b, Davis l, Scranton; de Lauer b, Robertson b, Taylor b, S. California; Grygo b, Sossamon l, South Carolina; Wright l, Southern Methodist; Frank Albert b, Pete Kmetovic b, Stanford; Kinney l, Maines b, Mirabito b, Syracuse; Butler b, Cifers b, Tennessee; Moser b, Henderson l, Ruby l, Texas A. & M.; Gillespie b, Roach l, Texas Christian; Amonett b, Austin b, Callahan b, Allbright l, Texas Tech.; McCollum l, Tulane; Spasyk b, Vermont; Muha b, Pritchard b, V. M. I.; Fears l, Alder l, Forbes b, U. C. L. A.; Spendlove l, G. Adelt b, Utah; Frankowski l, Younglove l, Stackpool b, Brooks b, Steel b, Washington; Sewell b, Kennedy b, Washington State; Martin b, McCann b, Kulakowski l, Corum l, West Virginia; Wasserbach l, Farris b, Wisconsin.

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

I was a Fool to trus Hitler!

Nazi Germany unmasked—A revealing series continues its surprising confessions

In Liberty last week the refugee Thyssen looked back to 1918-19 for basic reasons for his blunder in financing Adolf Hitler. His memories of that time, he says, disposed him to believe Nazism capable of solving in a new way the problems of Germany—not merely, as a cynical world has presumed, those of Germany's Thyssen-merged steel trust. Among such memories he instanced a postwar arrest of himself and his father by Communists.

He personally takes entire credit for the organization of the German passive resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. That the Nazis had anything to do with it he indignantly denies. It was the support of the population and the Catholic clergy that made his effort a success—and think how Hitler has since "rewarded" the Catholics!

He says that in the fall of 1923, in Munich, Ludendorff advised him to go and hear Hitler as the one nationalistic leader "with any political sense." (Elsewhere Thyssen ruefully concludes that Ludendorff himself never did have any.) A little later he met Hitler in Ludendorff's company. The two were planning, as a starter, a military expedition against Saxony, which had gone Red. They needed funds. Thyssen says he gave Ludendorff—not Hitler!—100,000 gold marks.

The abortive putsch in Munich followed, and Hitler was imprisoned. Thyssen says a putsch attempt had been pointless at the moment, but Hitler had insisted upon it, his one desire being "to seize power for himself."

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ I FINANCED the National Socialist Party for a single definite reason: I believed the Young Plan spelled catastrophe for Germany. I turned to the Party only after I became convinced that the fight against the Young Plan was unavoidable if a complete collapse was to be prevented. In no sense had I been an opponent of the Dawes Plan, since the Dawes Plan envisaged a system of reparations payments to be made chiefly in goods. But under the Young Plan the German reparations deliveries were superseded entirely by money payments. In my judgment, the financial debt thus created was bound to disrupt the entire economy of the Reich.

One of our representatives who conducted the preliminary negotiations concerning the revision of the Dawes Plan in Paris was Director General Vögler of the Gelsenkirchen iron and steel concern. He and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the president of the Reichsbank, returned to Germany because they had misgivings. In the end, he did not sign the new proposals which became the basis of the Young Plan; and I must admit that I had done all I could to convince him of the correctness of his misgivings. My position was largely determined by what an American banker told me and Vögler: "If I may give you a piece of advice, don't sign!" I have always remained particularly grateful for his advice, for he gave it against his own interests and for the good of Germany.

Anybody with clear judgment saw that the Young Plan meant the pledging of Germany's entire wealth as a pawn for Germany's obligations. As a result, American capital was bound to flood Germany. Isolated groups in Germany attempted in good time to free their particular property from this huge mortgage, in a way that meant the beginning of a financial liquidation of Germany. It would have been far better for the industrialists concerned to have opposed on principle the whole Versailles system, and the Young Plan in particular.

The Hatreds Hitler Utilized

The Young Plan was one of the principal causes of the upsurge of National Socialism in Germany. The others were the danger of Communism and the occupation of the Ruhr by the French and the Belgians. But the upsurge was also furthered through the maladroitness of the other parties in Germany. I was induced by the National Socialists, by Hitler and Göring, to negotiate with the Steel Helmet, with a view to placing their S A troops under the Steel Helmet's supreme command. I talked with Major Düsterberg, the chief of the Steel Helmet organization, for a whole night. In the end their offer was rejected by his side. They had made a similarly accommodating offer to the cabinet of Chancellor Brüning on condition of his parting company with the Socialists. Josef Goebbels at that time said: "If Brüning breaks with the Socialists we will support him without entering the cabinet." That should have been done, but the offer was refused.

By his great adroitness Hitler was able to harness the injured nationalism of the German people for his own purposes. A people with the traditions of the Germans cannot be transformed into docile sheep. If the Social Democrats had been a little more nationalistic they could have made their party the strongest in the country.

The Young Plan was a consistent development of the very principles underlying the Versailles Treaty of Peace that were wrong from an economic point of view. For that reason I joined a committee which aimed to bring about a plebiscite on the question of the Young Plan before it was adopted. I know that wide circles hold the opinion that this agitation against the Young Plan enabled Hitler to give his Party the necessary impetus to swing it into power. And I know, too, that in certain French circles the anti-Young Plan movement was regarded as a renascence of the spirit of revenge. But no thought of revenge ever occurred to me in this connection. None could have, in view of the declarations made again and again by Hitler at that time.

Today it has become clear that Hitler was playing a perfidious game. But in those earlier years he emphasized constantly that he had given up the idea of revenge against France. Despite everything he had written in his book, Mein Kampf (which was not taken seriously then), he repeatedly said this: "With France there is no longer any conflict. We want to bury all that. It is absurd to be forever reminding people of Alsace and Lorraine. Alsace certainly has a German-speaking population; but it is conceivable that one can renounce Alsace-Lorraine on high political grounds."

Personally, I have always held that a Franco-German rapprochement was more important than an Anglo-German one, at least for the pacification

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of Europe. England's traditional policy persistently aimed at keeping the countries of the European continent divided in a "balance of power." I was always guided by the idea of Napoleon, who in my estimation desired —like Charlemagne—a united Europe,

Fritz Thyssen in Paris, a refugee from Nazi Germany, in the war's first winter.

though in German history books he is always represented as one who wanted to dominate Europe.

I did not become a member of the National Socialist Party until December, 1931. This was after my collaboration in a great mass meeting in Harzburg, at which Alfred Hugenberg as leader of the German National People's Party, which was the heir of the old Imperial Conservative Party, and Hitler as leader of the German National Socialist Labor Party, commonly known as Nazis, announced the co-operation of the two parties. That this partnership in principle did not become a real union, which might long have survived the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor of the Reich, was probably due more to Hugenberg than to Hitler. I personally had worked zealously for the German National People's Party, but finally had fallen out with its leader. Even while I was a member of it, the National Socialists were congenial to me. I considered them to be sensible and rational.

As I have already mentioned, it was in 1923 that I came to know Adolf Hitler in Munich, and to give General Ludendorff 100,000 marks to be used for National Socialist purposes. Rudolf Hess was instrumental in bringing about a closer personal association between the Nazis and myself. He came to me some time during 1928, on the initiative of old Geheimrat Kirdorf, for many years the director general of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, with whom I was on friendly terms. Hess explained to me that the Nazis had bought the Brown House in Munich and had great difficulty in paying for it. I placed him in possession of the required funds, on conditions which he has never fulfilled. For by no means did I want to make the Nazis a present; I merely arranged a foreign loan for the Party through the banks. Hess received the money and obligated himself to pay it back. But he paid back only a small part of it; for the rest, I myself simply had to "acknowledge receipt."

Hitler's Antics at a Funeral

The aforementioned Geheimrat Kirdorf had been a member of the National Socialist Party long before me. His importance in Germany had been rather exaggerated. Even the creation of the Coal Syndicate is not to be credited to him alone. But he was its first president, and he had always assumed a very domineering manner vis-à-vis the outside world. He had

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

had a famous quarrel with Kaiser Wilhelm II, and now he was not invariably on good terms with Hitler, the Party's chief. One day he wrote Hitler a letter which he gave me to deliver personally, knowing that Hitler's staff often held back letters which contained disagreeable matter. In this letter Kirdorf protested against the persecutions of the Jews which went on in Germany in 1933. For it happened that Kirdorf was much beholden to the Jews for his success. In spite of this, he then became the great financial backer of the Nazis.

He died at the age of almost ninety years, and I attended his funeral. It was terrible. The Reich Minister of Economics, Dr. Walther Funk, made a very bad speech; it consisted entirely of flatteries of Hitler, who was present. I left immediately at the end of the ceremony. Hitler left at the same time. I hid behind a tree, so he wouldn't see me. But I was able to see how the Führer stood up in his automobile, obviously in expectation of an ovation from the assembled workmen. As nobody was prepared for a demonstration, this made a painful impression, not to mention the tastelessness of Hitler's posture. I was sorry for old Kirdorf; he deserved a better burial.

Göring, Who "Tries to Do Good"

One day the son of one of the directors of my coal-mining companies, a certain Herr Tengelmann, came to me and said, "There exists in Berlin a Herr Göring. He tries very hard to do some good for the German people, but he does not find enough appreciation on the part of German industrialists. Wouldn't you like to make his acquaintance?" I did so in due course. Hermann Göring lived in a very small apartment in those days, and he was anxious to enlarge it in order to cut a better figure. I paid the cost of this improvement.

At that time Göring seemed a very agreeable person. In political matters he was very sensible. I also came to know his first wife, Karin, who was a Swedish countess by birth. She was a charming woman. He idolized her, and she was the only woman who was able to guide him—as though he had been a young lion.

As for Hitler, I saw him again in Munich at a meeting concerning the Young Plan. Later I met him occasionally at Göring's house, but I have never visited him at Obersalzberg and I have never been inside the Brown House. Once Hitler, Hess, and Röhm slept at my late father's house. That was about the extent of our acquaintance.

How Hitler Got Industry's Ear

But I did in fact bring about the connection between Hitler and the entire body of Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists. It is common knowledge that on January 27, 1932—almost a year before he seized power—he made a speech lasting about two and a half hours before the Industry Club of Düsseldorf. The speech made a deep impression on the assembled industrialists, and in consequence some considerable contributions flowed into the treasuries of the National Socialist Party.

It was not my original intention to let Hitler speak to this gathering. No provision had been made for the delivery of a National Socialist address. On the contrary, the committee of the Industry Club had given permission to a Social Democrat to make a speech, with the result that the members became greatly excited and many

threatened to resign. At a stormy session of the committee I said there was only one way of making good this mistake, and that was to invite a National Socialist to speak as well. This proposal was adopted.

However, in making it I had certainly not immediately thought of Adolf Hitler. Gregor Strasser* was in those days the most popular figure among the National Socialist representatives in the Rhineland. He was an educated man, a pharmacist by profession, and generally people took him seriously despite his National Socialist leanings. So I asked him to make the speech at the Düsseldorf Club. But shortly after this I accidentally met Hitler in Berlin. When I mentioned it to him, he said, "I think it would be better if I came myself." I duly agreed; and it was actually through this invitation to come and speak that Hitler first became properly known in the Rhineland and in Westphalia. He had, no doubt, immediately seen the political value of the opportunity.

"I Wasn't the Only Rich Dupe"

I have personally given altogether 1,000,000 marks to the National Socialist Party. Not more. My contributions have been very much overestimated, because I have always been rated the richest man in Germany. But, after all, what does it mean to own factories? It does not follow that a man has a lot of cash to spare. In any case, Hitler had other sources of money besides me. It was during the last years preceding the Nazi seizure of power that the big industrial corporations began to make their contributions to the Party. All in all, the amounts given by heavy industry to the Nazis may be estimated at 2,000,000 marks a year. It must be understood, however, that this includes only the voluntary gifts.

The fact that I never became especially intimate with Hitler is probably due to the hostility of Rudolf Hess and Josef Goebbels, the propaganda minister. Both these men worked against me. Belonging to the left wing of the Party, they were suspicious of me as the representative of heavy industry.

But Hitler's personal relations did not extend to industrialists in general. In fact, besides old Kirdorf, I was the only one of that ilk who freely exposed himself in this connection. The case of Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, head of the famous munition works, was the reverse of mine. Until Hitler's seizure of power, Herr von Krupp was his violent opponent. As late as the day before President von Hindenburg appointed Hitler chancellor, he urgently warned the old field marshal against such a course. But as soon as Hitler had the power, Herr von Krupp became one of his most loyal Party adherents. I am not saying this in order to reflect on Herr von Krupp in any way. This would not minimize my own mistake. And I candidly confess that I did make a great mistake when I trusted Adolf Hitler. Only it would be much better if Herr von Krupp could get himself to confess his mistake as well.

In making this confession I must emphasize again and again—not as a complete excuse but by way of extenuation—that the trouble with the Nazis was not the Party but certain individuals in it. That, of course, is principally the fault of the Party chief. He retained all the leading people within the Party irrespective of their character, and they could do what they liked. A gauleiter, whose functions within the Party organization roughly correspond to those of a county president within the organization of the state, is today sacrosanct. As soon as the gauleiters realized which way the wind was blowing they started among themselves a sort of club, and this club is what really governs Germany today. This will be the Party's ruin; for no country can flourish under such conditions. In every system, even under Communism, the leader must be responsible for order.

After December 2, 1932, a new government was formed in Germany, with General Kurt von Schleicher at its head. Schleicher's real intention was to put into practice the main points of the National Socialist program without letting Hitler seize the power. It was notorious, however, that he would have liked to give a cabinet post to Gregor Strasser, who sat in the Reichstag as a National Socialist.

Strasser Was Right, After All

Gregor Strasser was, as I have already indicated, very well known in the Rhineland, and he was particularly popular there and in Westphalia. He and I maintained outwardly pleasant relations; but he did not like me very much. Within his party he sided with the extreme left, and he suspected me on account of my past connection with the German National Party. Consequently I got no direct news of his conversations with the other owners of heavy industry. As to his numerous conversations with von Schleicher, all I knew of them was through the National Socialist Party, which was very suspicious of these interviews. They were considered to be treacherous toward Adolf Hitler, and I openly shared this opinion.

Whether von Schleicher might eventually have succeeded in forming a cabinet supported chiefly by German Labor, there is no knowing. His negotiations with Strasser appear to have been very successful. I was even told that Schleicher counted on the support of a part of the Social Democratic labor unions. His aim apparently was to separate the unions from the parties, which would have split the National Socialist Party in two.

At that time I sent Rudolf Hess a copy of a letter I had addressed to the secretary of a Rhenish industrial enterprise, in which I expressed the opinion that the manner in which Strasser worked against Hitler was contemptible. Hess answered me in a very cordial letter. Today I think it probably would have been better if Strasser's negotiations had led to a successful end.

In harmony with the "social" character of the policy which General von Schleicher intended to pursue, he brought to light the so-called Osthilfe scandals. The Osthilfe ("Aid to the East," meaning chiefly old Prussia) was a large-scale financial measure to salvage agricultural enterprises. It had been originated by the Social Democratic government of Hermann Müller and was broadened by the Brüning cabinet. It seems that some of its funds had been corruptly misused; however, compared with the gigantic graft that now flourishes under the National Socialist regime, these sums appear ridiculously small. Much excitement arose among the large landowners east of the Elbe when a Reichstag investigating commission was to be appointed. The excitement increased when General von Schleicher threatened to make the investigation public, and it resulted in creating a violent resentment against him—a resentment shared even by President von Hindenburg.

Papen Has Much to Answer For

Herr von Papen took advantage of this situation. For some reason, he had developed an intense hatred of General Schleicher, whom he planned to eliminate as a chancellor of the Reich. His candidate for that post was Adolf Hitler. He arranged an interview between Hitler and the Cologne banker, von Schröder. It took place at Cologne, in von Schröder's banking house. Rudolf Hess was present.

[Publisher's Note: Papen's hatred of General Schleicher was mainly due to the fact that Schleicher had played an important part in the overthrow of the Papen cabinet. Whether Hitler could have succeeded in his legal conquest of the chancellorship without Papen's help is a matter for speculation. At any rate, the prospects of the National Socialist Party at that time were particularly poor. The Nazis had suffered great losses at the last Reichstag elections, held under the Schleicher government. Moreover, huge expenditures had completely exhausted their Party funds. This is the reason why von Papen arranged the meeting between Hitler and the Cologne banker von Schröder.]

I heard of the interview only a long time after it had taken place. It seems that Hess, who at first opposed my friendship with Göring, did not keep me informed. Göring, who might have informed me, had not been consulted in the matter. In fact, it was always doubtful whether Göring was party to a secret or not, especially after the Prussian police ministry had been taken from him. The present intimate

* Brother of Dr. Otto Strasser, a recent contributor to Liberty, who is in Canada heading a Free German movement. Gregor Strasser was killed in the Hitler-Göring "purge" in 1934.

relationship between Hitler and Göring dates only from the great massacre of June 30, 1934, in which the National Socialist Party was purged of all members objectionable to the regime. I have the impression that Göring had so large a part of the responsibility in this massacre that he no longer dared to oppose the regime. It seems he made himself guilty of so many crimes on account of his personal jealousies that now the Gestapo know too much about him. Ever since then he has been silent.

It is well known that Papen was successful in his intrigues. On January 28, 1933, von Schleicher resigned his chancellorship, and on January 30 President von Hindenburg appointed Adolf Hitler to that office. I was well content with the turn of events. I thought Hitler's taking office as chancellor was merely a transitional stage before the re-introduction of the German monarchy. In September, 1932, I had invited a number of gentlemen to my house in order to enable them to question Hitler. On that occasion he said in distinct and unambiguous terms that he was merely a "pacemaker to the monarchy." Directors General Kirdorf and Vögler and other great industrialists were present. Hitler's monarchistic attitude of those days brought to his Party a large following from industrial circles.

Hohenzollern Hopes of Göring

I also wish to recall that in 1932 Göring paid a whole week's visit to ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II at Doorn. The fact that Hitler and Göring were invited to dinner by the Crown Prince seems to prove that the Hohenzollerns had great hopes. Göring subsequently told me that after he and Hitler had left, the Crown Prince had made several deprecatory remarks in the presence of his servants, who had immediately carried the information to the Nazis. This, it is said, put an end to the friendship Hitler felt for the Crown Prince.

But this did not prevent the Crown Prince from ostentatiously attending, in the spring of 1933, the first of Göring's regularly recurrent opera balls. To the outside world, that indicated that the Hohenzollerns had reason to be optimistic about their expectations in the early days of the Nazi regime.

Today I am forced to admit that I too misjudged the political situation at that time. But I, at least, can claim that I acted in good faith.

I have never really cared for politics. I believe industrialists should keep clear of politics. It is true that on various occasions I have influenced political processes; but this either came about fortuitously, as in the case of Hitler's speech before the Industry Club of Düsseldorf, or it concerned purely economic issues, as in the Ruhr struggle and in the fight against the Young Plan. At those times I took the leadership because I enjoyed a certain popularity.

My activities on behalf of the National Socialist Party, I imagined, would be of the same incidental nature. What interested me primarily was the way in which economic life should be organized in the National Socialist state or—as I advocated—under a collaboration of the National Socialists and the German Nationalists. Here was a problem of great importance. For the question to be decided was whether industry and economic activity in general should be taken over by the state; or, if not, what was to be the role of the state in relation to economic life.

In recent times the state, in opposition to the liberals, has assumed more and more control over the economic process and has even gone into business on its own account. In my opinion, the results achieved by the state as business manager have, on the whole, been bad. Once the state itself begins to do business, it is no longer an unbiased umpire between private economic interests and the common interests of the people as a whole. It has become an enterpriser with special interests of its own. For instance, the Hermann Göring Works, being state-owned, have determined the decisions of the Reich as umpire in advance and very one-sidedly.

"Remember? Years ago you always ran out of gas about here."

A Rugged Individualist's Son

As a medium which would reconcile all interests, I have always imagined a state which recognizes the principle of private industrial profit but which at the same time provides a corporative constitution for the regulation of industry and business. This would mean the separation of politics and business and would give to business an autonomous administration above which would stand the state as moderator in the struggle of interests and as champion of the common weal. The creation of a corporative system is necessary also in order to provide a permanent contact with labor. I, for instance, had much less contact with my workmen than was the case in my father's time, and this, no doubt, is true of all large industrial employers of this mechanized age.

My father, August Thyssen, was wholly absorbed by his work for the factory which he created. To the end of his life he remained a very modest man, of very simple tastes. For instance, when he went traveling, he would never hire a porter to carry his bags; he would insist on carrying his own. But he did not balk at any amount to be spent on his factories. He was a great favorite with his workmen. Here was a chief who worked hard and who at the same time had retained his simple ways of living. Whenever he had a free half hour, he went to the works and talked with his men. But this did nothing to change his old-fashioned ideas, which he upheld to the end. He believed that the workers' wages had to be reduced when prices went down and when business was bad. But he did not believe this because he wanted to profit at the expense of his workers, but because he thought this was a healthy basis on which to develop his factories and a good way to enable him to employ more labor.

I had not as much time as my father to occupy myself with the workers, although I watched for every opportunity. But perhaps I didn't have my father's way of talking with the men, either, and I did not enjoy their confidence in the same degree. For this reason, if for no other, I wanted to bring about the corporative system —to establish the contact with the elected representatives of the workers, who were to sit with the representatives of the Council of State, in order to discuss economic problems, wage problems, questions of export, and the like. For it was my firm conviction that a workman will even accept a wage reduction if he is convinced that it is justified. But I consider it impossible to let work people *participate* in the business. The moment they become joint owners, a private undertaking would be run like a government service. Industrial enterprises must be managed very individually.

Naturally, it is possible for a manufacturer to explain to his co-workers why he conducts the business in the manner which he considers to be necessary. And the corporative system ought to provide the means whereby all broader considerations are taken into account.

Just One of Hitler's Promises

The idea of the corporative system is not mine. It was suggested by a well known professor of national economy in Vienna, Othmar Spann. The problem of establishing a corporative economy is of course a very difficult one. Nevertheless, I have always considered it the best solution. There are only two alternatives to it: to manage our economic life as before —in a reactionary manner—or to do the opposite: abolish private enterprise and let industry be run by the state. The corporative state is an attempt to find a middle way—a way which would allow the owner the liberty he needs in order to manage his business successfully, and would at the same time avoid excesses.

(*Continued on page 42*)

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Can Science Read You?

BY

WILL IRWIN

☆ ACCORDING to a story which Viola Paradise passed along to me, two ghosts sat on a bed, having a talk. And one of them said to the other, "Do you believe in people?"

Until the science of psychology got its start, most human beings believed that exceptional people had the gift of "second sight"; that in uncertain, uncommandable flashes these gifted beings could see distant events without use of the eyes, read thoughts in other minds, foretell future events.

The lore of the past, family tradition, even government records teem with authentic instances. On June 25, 1876, Crazy Horse and his braves wiped out General Custer's command at the Little Big Horn. The Black Hills were a wilderness in those days. Couriers were nearly a week in getting news to railroad or telegraph line. But on the day after the tragedy Indians camped round an army post nearly a thousand miles away gave the officers the bad news, with details.

On April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln told his Cabinet that all during the Civil War he had been having a recurrent dream which always preceded some event of major importance. He seemed to be in the prow of a ship which was running full sail and at incredible speed toward a distant shadowy shore. He had had it the night before; and he anticipated news that General Johnston had surrendered—what else could it be? That night Lincoln died by the hand of an assassin.

But this set of ideas, said the science of the nineteenth century, was all moonshine. The universities left psychical research to soft-minded folk who proved easy marks for charlatans. When a few eminent men of science like Sir Oliver Lodge, Camille Flammarion, and our own William James dared do some investigation of their own, their academic associates regarded them with pity.

Then, when this century was three decades old, Professors McDougall and Rhine, first at Harvard and later at Duke University, decided to give telepathy and clairvoyance a scientific tryout. They chose from the student body about a dozen men and women who, tests showed, probably had the psychic gift, and set them to reading sight unseen the so-called Zenger cards: Five cards marked with a circle, five with a quadrangle, five with a star, five with a plus mark, five with wavy lines—twenty-five in all. Since luck breaks even in the end, obviously one who was merely guessing would guess correctly, over a long run, an average of five cards to the pack. But in 30,000 experiments these scientific stooges scored far above this "chance average." The group at Duke totted up the score mathematically; and the chance that these results were due to coincidence proved to be one in ten-followed-by-1,200-zeros. At about this time this line of scientific research received a new name—parapsychology.

The conservatives started out to prove Rhine a fool. First they attacked his mathematics. There they succeeded only in lopping off a few hundred zeros from his 1,200—which still leaves the odds overwhelmingly in favor of the Duke experiments. Then they criticized the conditions of the experiments. But probably forty or fifty psychological laboratories in the United States are now experimenting with clairvoyance and telepathy.

Drs. Dorothy R. Martin and Frances P. Stribic, at the University of Colorado, have found an unusual subject, a man who excelled even the scores made at Duke. Though a skeptic, Dr. Bernard Reiss of Hunter College, New York, experimented on telepathy with a woman student. For two nights a week she "sat" in her own room, a quarter of a mile away from the college study where Reiss had locked himself in. At exactly nine o'clock he drew a Zenger card from a newly shuffled pack, looked at its device, and concentrated on it. During that minute she recorded her impression of the device. At the rate of a card a minute, she "read" seventy-four packs, one at each sitting. And, the chance average being five to the pack, she scored an average of more than eighteen to the pack. Once she made a perfect twenty-five.

In late experiments, by the way, the results at a quarter of a mile, 200 miles, even in one case 4,000 miles, seem, if anything, rather better than those obtained when the transmitter and receiver sit in adjoining rooms.

The parapsychologists publish a journal. Recently it polled the heads of the psychology departments of our leading colleges and universities. First: Did they believe that the existence of extrasensory perception was proved beyond a doubt? Second: Did they believe that the evidence warranted further investigation? To the first question a majority still answered "no"; to the second, as many answered "yes."

The announcement of those experiments at Duke was first published in popular-magazine form in Liberty, May 11, 1935. Others broadcast the news; and intelligent amateurs began piling up evidence. The Sherman-Wilkins experiments with telepathy have been published in condensed magazine form and a full report is on the press. Sir Hubert Wilkins spent the autumn and winter of 1937 in the American Arctic, searching from the air for a crew of Russian flyers who had disappeared. That winter, for weeks at a time, there was no word from him. But, by previous agreement, Harold Sherman, author and sensitive, sat for two evenings a week trying to perceive what the explorer was doing or had done on that day. Before going to bed, he wrote out his impressions and mailed copies to two other persons, who locked them up. Wilkins compared them with his log and his memories. When Sherman saw Wilkins watching a conflagration, having his portrait drawn by a lady, spending the evening talking about diamonds, playing ping-pong in the Arctic wilds—when he described dozens of such events accurately—one needs only common sense to deduce that something more than coincidence was at work.

This adventure of the spirit rose to its climax when, on November 11, 1937, Sherman "saw" Wilkins, who was supposed to be at his camp on the Arctic shore of North America, attending a dance in evening clothes. It was true. On impulse, Wilkins had decided that day to fly back to Edmonton to speed up the movement of certain supplies. His friends there had lent him a dress suit and taken him to their Armistice Ball.

Two of England's great universities have given countenance to parapsychology. Cambridge has created a scholarship in psychical research; and King's College, London Univer-

He seemed to be in the prow of a ship running full sail toward a distant shadowy shore.

Mind?

sity, has given a doctor's degree to the author of a thesis on telepathy and clairvoyance.

The work behind the Cambridge scholarship was a series of experiments in telepathy or clairvoyance or both. Twice a week, late in the afternoon, Whateley Carrington opened Webster's Dictionary at a page chosen in a way that ensured pure chance. Then he or his wife sat down and reproduced in pencil the first easily drawable illustration on that or the succeeding page. At seven o'clock he pinned the drawing on the wall of the study in his country house, locked the windows, drew heavy shades over them, and double-locked the doors. At the same hour his "percipients," in their own houses, drew whatever came into their heads. Next morning they sent their drawings to Carrington, who locked them up.

The results were so varied and so curious that a committee of psychologists had to sit on them, to estimate the half hits. For example: One of Carrington's human guinea pigs drew the battlement at the top of a picture of a coat of arms and ignored the rest of the drawing. A water buffalo was three times reproduced as a cow. On the other hand, there were some fine direct hits. One man drew a spinning top, identical almost line for line with the model. Seven drew correctly a rifle in the act of firing—and so on. In his final series of experiments, Carrington worked across an ocean by including among his percipients twelve students in Dr. Rhine's parapsychological laboratory at Duke. This series embraced ten drawings. Of the 183 who served as stooges, nine drew correctly a pair of scissors, five a pair of scales, five a book, and eleven a sea shell—and so on. The scientific committee rendered the verdict, "Strong positive results."

Carrington chose his stooges almost at random—all except for the group at Duke. Rhine had picked his students because they seemed to have psychic gifts. And they scored much higher than the British percipients.

As for John Hettinger, whose thesis made the grade at King's College, London University, he found at Hounslow, twelve miles away from King's College, a professional sensitive—a "medium"—who bore an excellent reputation for sincerity and had no acquaintance with the university community. From sixty-three persons in it—professors, teachers in the lower schools, tradesmen, doctors, lawyers, housewives—Hettinger collected objects intimately associated with their lives, such as pieces of jewelry, scarves, gloves, letters. He sealed up all these in separate envelopes. These were never opened and, while an experiment was on, never left his sight; and he locked them up betweentimes.

A factual, exciting survey of the strange new world psychology is discovering

One by one he held the sealed envelopes in his hand and asked the sensitive to give her impression of the owner. This went on for weeks. She hit and she missed, of course. But the experiment, as a whole, proved a startling success. For example:

One of the owners had gone to Italy before Hettinger reached the object which she had given him. "Much thought and discussion about a ring with a single bright stone," said the sensitive. Afterward, the owner remembered that on this very day she and her mother had visited a jeweler's shop at Florence. The mother had admired a single-stone zircon ring. The daughter had wanted to present it to her but doubted if she could afford to. She had thought the matter over all that evening, and in the morning had bought the ring.

Hettinger found that in his first series of these experiments the sensitive had scored 50 per cent of clean hits and of half hits, and in the second, 40 per cent. A scientific committee found this "highly significant." However, Hettinger's work was a variation of Whateley Carrington's successful experiments in "paranormal cogitation of drawings."

What about prophecy? The dream of Lincoln was a forecast of a future

(*Continued on page 53*)

ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA SALLE

"Dieu, it—it was dreadful. Seeing him on the floor—with his head broken, bleeding—"

Tomorrow

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American who runs a secret anti-Nazi press in Switzerland, becomes romantically interested in Lisa Abernathil, a beautiful Austrian refugee staying at his pension.

But, even though he is in love with her, he can't get rid of a suspicion that she is not what she seems. When he learns that the deserted chalet in which his printing press was housed has been burned, and discovers soon after that Lisa has left the pension, his doubts of her deepen. Is she a Nazi agent? Is she responsible for the destruction of the press?

Meanwhile Lisa is on her way to Berlin with a Nazi, Fritz Lauber. Lauber asks her why she set fire to the chalet before they could round up the men who ran the press, and she says that she overheard a conversation in Philip's room which convinced her that the press was to be moved that night; so she had to act swiftly. She cannot tell whether or not Lauber is satisfied with her explanation.

Philip, unaware of where Lisa has gone, crosses the border to occupied France to deliver the last issue of his pamphlet, Pour la Liberté. With the men who meet him is Mignon Gaudin, a girl who lives in the French town in which Philip's mother has been staying since the death of her husband, who was in the United States consular service in Czechoslovakia. Mignon tells him she must leave France and asks him to smuggle her into Switzerland. He asks why, and she answers: "I killed a Nazi officer."

PART THREE—THE MYSTERY OF LISA: ENEMY OR FRIEND?

☆ OVER the border, in the black grotto, with the wind whispering like a warning through branches overhead, it was dangerous to talk. What there was to do had to be done swiftly. Two of the men, moving like shadows, were already taking the tarpaulin from the sacks.

As he turned to the wagon Victor Carteau mumbled, "It is bad tonight.

We March

A girl in flight, a man in hiding, a call to new danger! A vivid novel sweeps on

BY OSCAR SGHISGALL

We heard a patrol half an hour ago. We had to climb into trees till they passed."

Philip Layden scarcely heard him. His eyes were still fixed on the dim gray of Mignon's face, and his first sense of shock became uncertainty. To leave her in a Nazi-occupied region after she had killed a German officer was impossible. On the other hand, to establish her in Switzerland without a passport would present infinite difficulties.

He saw the vague figures shoulder the sacks; and suddenly he remembered he must tell them about the destruction of the press. He explained the situation quickly: for the present there would be no more issues of Pour la Liberté. . . . The three men accepted the news without comment. They had learned to accept many blows, these French.

Victor Carteau asked only, "You will resume printing elsewhere?"

"As soon as possible."

"How will we know when to come for another issue?"

"You'll get a letter saying your cousin in Marseilles is to be married on such-and-such a date. On that date I'll meet you here with the magazines."

"*Entendu,*" said Carteau.

"Before you go—how is my mother?"

"In reasonably good health. The girl will tell you; she saw her yesterday."

Clearly, the men were impatient to leave. So Philip asked no more questions.

He and Mignon Gaudin watched the three figures carry their bags into the obliteration of the forest. A few kilometers away a horse-drawn cart laden with fertilizer awaited them. When the sacks were hidden under the load, the cart could proceed along the highways even in daylight. The Germans didn't interfere with the transportation of fertilizer; in the end it would mean more food for the army of occupation. . . .

Philip looked at the girl. He had an uncomfortable feeling of tension, of responsibility.

"All right," he whispered; "let's go. Stay close to the wagon. If you hear any sounds, get in among the trees. Don't move."

She said, "*Bien,*" waiting for him to lead. He picked up the thin wagon tongue, gave her a last glance, and started out of the grotto, climbing the trail through the trees. As it rose it wound in an unpredictable course. Whenever he looked around, the slim shadow that was Mignon Gaudin was bent forward. He supposed she was clinging to the back of the wagon for guidance, and that was good. Every hundred paces he stopped, not only to listen for the sounds of a patrol but to rest. In the pauses he could hear Mignon breathing heavily. It struck him that after her flight she must be exhausted, not only physically but emotionally. He longed to question her, but he didn't yet dare to talk. Not here.

As they continued the climb he couldn't help contrasting this fugitive figure with the Mignon Gaudin he had met a few months ago in Gardenois—a slender girl of twenty-two, confident and remarkably pretty with her chestnut hair. He remembered her particularly as she had been that first evening, in a print dress that looked as if it had just arrived from Paris, standing in the living room of his mother's home, in the bend of the piano, and singing to his accompaniment. Singing in a rich and beautiful soprano voice that had been trained by Scaretti in Rome. Singing with flames in her eyes. Singing La Marseillaise—though aware that a German general had stopped for the night in the village.

And he remembered how, halfway through the song, he had looked up to see the general himself in the open door of the house, under its arch, watching Mignon with a strange smile. Philip's fingers had stiffened and fallen from the keys. He had held his breath, not knowing what to expect. But Mignon had never stopped singing, had never lost a single beat of the rhythm. She had turned so that she had faced the general in a kind of defiance, and she had thrown back her head and sung more thrillingly than ever:

"Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

Her voice must have carried to every nook of Gardenois like a rallying cry. It must have bedeviled and infuriated the Nazi officers who had been ordered to await the general outside the house. And when she had finished, her eyes still unafraid, the general had raised his hands to clap twice, slowly, in a travesty of applause. His smile had become patronizing.

"Exquisite, mademoiselle," he had said in excellent French. "A truly exquisite voice. May I suggest that you

learn the Horstwessel? You will in the future find it much more suitable to life in Gardenois."

Still smiling, he had clicked his heels, bowed stiffly, and gone out; and Mignon had stood, pale and straight, saying clearly enough for him to hear:

"I would cut out my tongue first!"

It was in her blood, that temperament. Her father, Philip knew, had been the *maire* of Gardenois, an aristocrat at heart. Her mother had been a woman of such quiet dignity that even the Nazis, in arresting the couple, had done so with a certain deference. At the time of the arrest the Gaudins, mother and father, had been listening to the short-wave broadcast of a speech being delivered by the President of the United States in Washington, and of course that was *streng verboten;* so they had been removed to concentration camps. . . .

☆ PHILIP was still thinking of Gardenois when they emerged from the forest on the edge of Guillaume Cri's pastures. Here, in the black shadows of the pines, he stopped and motioned the girl to sit on the wagon.

"You can rest," he said. "We're in Switzerland."

"Switzerland!" She stared about with unbelieving eyes. Philip guessed that the things she wished to say were stifling her. She couldn't speak at all. She sat down on the wagon, shakily, one hand rising to her throat. And suddenly all the stiffness went out of her. She hunched forward, limp and exhausted, her face in her hands. In those boys' clothes she looked, Philip thought, like a shabby gamin of the Paris streets.

He sat down, too, on the grass. He bent up his knees and clasped his arms around them and watched her curiously. When she had had a few minutes to rest and recover some poise, he asked, "Do you want to tell me about it?"

She lifted her head, speaking wearily: "I killed him—that was all."

"Why?"

"He wished to amuse himself with me."

Philip ripped up a blade of grass. He frowned while his fingers twisted it into a ring.

"There were two of them billeted in my house," she said. "One was very fat. He came into my room in the middle of the night, in his underclothes. He wouldn't listen to what I said. I gave him enough warning, but he only grinned. He came to the bed. There was a tall brass candlestick on the table. It had a heavy square base with sharp points, and I could reach it. I told him for the last time to stay away from me. But he kept on grinning, and pinched my chin and said not to be foolish—one doesn't have to be a patriot in the middle of the night. When he pulled the covers off me and sat down, and put his hand on me, I hit him. . . . That was all." She waited a few seconds, limp, then added, "Afterward I ran in my nightclothes to hide in the cellar of your mother's house. Victor Carteau was starting for the border. So your mother gave me these things to wear and said you could help me into Switzerland."

Sitting there in the darkness, Philip knew a deep pity for this girl, and an inarticulate despair because of the things which were happening to her, things that must change her beyond all recognition. In Gardenois, the first time he had seen her, he had told himself that people like Mignon Gaudin came into the world to add verve, high spirits, and a certain gay recklessness to life. With her vivacious singing and the freshness of her personality, she could have done it, too. But you couldn't expect that now. You couldn't expect verve from some one the Gestapo was hunting down as a target for a firing squad.

She whispered with a shudder, "*Dieu,* it—it was dreadful. Seeing him on the floor—with his head broken, bleeding—"

"Forget that!" Philip said sharply. "We do what we have to do, all of us. You've got to get it out of your mind." Then he forced her to think of other things. "We'll have to decide what to do about you here in Switzerland. Without a passport you have no legal existence. You can't register at a pension. You can't travel. You can't work."

She looked at him uncertainly. "Couldn't you get me some kind of passport?"

"That isn't easy."

"If you have friends in the British Intelligence, in the underground forces—they always manage to get passports for their agents."

"You are not one of their agents."

"But I could be! I want to be! I'll do anything they ask of me!" She spoke with passion now, and desperation. "I don't want to waste myself hiding. When I hate something I have to *fight* it!"

☆ HE hardly knew whether to admire her fervor or to treat her like an overzealous child who had no conception of what she was saying. Finally he rose and picked up the wagon tongue.

"Well, we'll see. First there is the matter of taking care of you now. Come along." He reached for her arm. As he drew her along, he was aware of the hard, trembling tension in her.

"I'm going to put you up with Guillaume Cri and his wife," he said. "You can stay with them while I'm in Marseilles. After that we'll see what's to be done. Meanwhile, you need a hot bath and one of Madame Cri's soft beds."

They walked through the darkness, the mountain wind tearing at Mignon's hair. She seemed so slight beside him, so childlike, that he had an impulse to put a comforting arm around her. After a few paces she looked at him uneasily; like a little girl, he thought, afraid of being left with strangers. "Will—will *you* be sleeping at this house too?" she faltered.

"Yes. But I'll be leaving for Marseilles early in the morning."

"Across the border again—"

"Oh, it won't be anything like tonight's crossing," he said, with a laugh. "Tomorrow Guillaume Cri will drive me to unoccupied France near St. Julien. I can cross openly there with my American passport."

Vaguely he could see Cri's house and barn ahead. There was a single dim light in a rear window.

At the sight of it the girl came close to him, whispering, "Philip, I—I don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't try. There's nothing to thank me for."

"Nothing? You call this nothing?" She lifted an arm as if to encompass all Switzerland in a single gesture. "*Bon Dieu,* it is everything! Freedom! A chance to breathe!"

He thought, with a brief return of grimness, *Unless the police find you here and demand identification.* That made him frown. The only hope he had of obtaining a passport for her lay, he knew, with Georges Siblot, whom he was going to see in Marseilles. Georges Siblot was the secret representative in Marseilles of the de Gaulle forces of Free France. If Georges couldn't get him a passport, there was little chance . . . But he didn't speak of that. He said only, "You'll be all right now."

☆ GEORGES SIBLOT was a thin, hard man with burning black eyes; a man who drove himself and every one else with ruthless energy. His hands, which were long and bony, seemed never to rest. If they had nothing else to do, they would clasp each other to crack the knuckles. He was no older than Philip Layden—they had, indeed, spent a year together at the Sorbonne—but his reddish hair was already thinning and there were deep lines about his mouth.

He lived in a small apartment near Cap Croisette. From its windows you could see the basilica of Notre Dame de la Garde high on its hill above Marseilles. Georges loved that view. In truth, he loved the whole apartment. It was all that remained to him of his wife. When he had thrown himself into the de Gaulle movement he had sent her and his small son to Lisbon. For his work was dangerous. Smuggling Frenchmen out of France, getting them passage on ships to take them to General de Gaulle, often supplying false passports—this was treason to Vichy. If ever he were seized, Georges Siblot didn't want his wife involved with him.

Today, after receiving a telegram from Lyons, he had left his wine shop early to meet Philip Layden at the station. Now they were back at the apartment. Georges opened a bottle of cognac while he listened to Philip's report about the destruction of the press—and his plea for a passport to protect Mignon Gaudin.

"As to the girl," he said, "you ask a difficult thing. This matter of arranging passports—I don't like it. Unless it is absolutely unavoidable."

"In this case it is."

"We would need her photograph; and her signature."

"They can be inserted later. You've done it in other cases."

Georges Siblot hesitated. "Well," he decided, "I'll do what I can. We'll see." He had poured two glasses of cognac, and carried one to Philip. "I have never had to arrange so many papers of identification as in the past few months. Hundreds of former soldiers are coming across the border from occupied to unoccupied France. The gendarmes at the border have developed bad eyesight. . . . *Mais enfin*, enough of that. Tell me more about your press."

☆ HE listened gravely. When Philip finished, Siblot swallowed his drink as if he needed it.

"I am not really surprised," he said. "Nothing they do surprises me any more." He refilled his glass. "Still, the matter of raising money for a new press—I think you had better forget it. I think you are finished as a publisher."

"Finished? Why?"

"Because there are more important things for a man like you to do."

Georges Siblot peered hard at his guest.

"Listen, Philip," he said after a pause. "When your telegram came today, I spoke about you for two hours—told everything I know about you. As a result, I have arranged an interview for nine o'clock tonight. I believe the interview will lead you to the sort of work you *ought* to be doing—the sort you will *want* to do."

"An interview with whom?"

"Paul Ravineau."

Philip Layden half rose from his chair. Then he sank back stiffly.

"So he *is* here. I heard rumors in Geneva."

"Yes, he's here," Georges said harshly. "With every policeman and soldier—and with every traitor in Marseilles, too—trying to find him. Vichy ordered him to be caught. One of the greatest premiers France has ever had, one of her greatest patriots—and forced to hide like a rat in a hole, while the scum of Marseilles try to ferret him out . . ."

Philip frowned. "Why does he want to see me?"

With a backward toss of his head Georges Siblot finished his second drink. Then he leaned over the top of a chair, cracked his knuckles, and regarded Philip Layden with penetrating intensity.

"Philip, at last the underground campaign against Hitler is being organized. We are mobilizing our forces everywhere. From the Balkans to Scandinavia. From Czecho-Slovakia to Holland. It is to become a world crusade. With a planned program. . . . That is what Ravineau is doing!"

Georges came from the back of the chair to perch himself on its arm.

"Until now there has been no coordination. That was our weakness. You published a magazine in Switzerland. *Bien.* Somebody else published one in Poland. There was no connection, no unity of attack. There were hundreds of such underground magazines. They were good, yes. But in their isolation they were weak. Ravineau proposes to join them all in a concerted powerful anti-Nazi drive. They will be operated like a newspaper syndicate, with material flowing from the exiled governments in London. Instead of printing the whims of individual editors, they will bring to the people of Europe the thundering words of their exiled leaders. And where one magazine is crushed, as yours was in Geneva, two will rise!

"That is not all Ravineau is doing," Georges Siblot drove on in that harsh

"You're off the beam, mom!"

voice. "He is working for organization, for unity in every field. Among owners of short-wave radios. Among farm workers. Everywhere! The spirit of rebellion is alive, Philip. We have a thousand evidences of it every day. To harness it—that is the task! To mold it into a powerful instrument! That is what Paul Ravineau is doing—and doing magnificently."

Georges Siblot rose. He was too nervous to sit still. He began to pace the room.

"Can you imagine what such unity will do for the morale of the anti-Hitler fighters? When a man is fighting in Czecho-Slovakia, it gives him a tremendous sense of confidence to now that throughout Europe millions are fighting with him. He feels he is part of an unconquerable army. He becomes strong, sure of himself."

Georges stopped his pacing to look at Philip. "It is in this work of organization that Ravineau needs you."

The man's excitement was contagious. Philip could feel it rising in himself.

"How does he want me to help?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself tonight."

"But what about my magazine? It was serving a hundred and fifty thousand readers."

"We'll keep it alive. Don't worry about that. We have a dozen ardent young writers right here in Marseilles who would gladly take your place tomorrow. But we have very few men with your background for the other kind of work—work of organization inside conquered territories, inside Germany itself!"

The twilight had deepened; Georges Siblot suddenly turned to switch on a lamp. Then he went to the liquor table to pour more cognac.

"We'll go to Ravineau immediately after dinner," he said.

Philip Layden rose. He faced the window, frowning, his hands in his pockets. Then he turned.

"Have you already sent organization agents into Germany?" he asked.

"Hundreds. Women as well as men. We've even planted some in their Gestapo."

At the mention of the Gestapo, Philip's eyes narrowed. He said softly, "I'd face a serious handicap inside Germany—the fact that several Swiss agents of their Gestapo know me. A few men and a woman . . . unless I've been completely mistaken about her."

"Who are they? We shall want those names!"

"I don't know all the men. Two of them—" He recalled the names on the passports Jules Galatin had taken from the unconscious figures on the road. "Two are Gerhardt Schney and Hans Meindorf. The woman's name is Lisa Abernathil."

Georges Siblot had been about to swallow his cognac. He stopped abruptly, lowered the glass. He stared at Philip in amazement.

"Lisa Abernathil?" As he put the glass on the table, it rattled in his unsteady hand. He whispered, "But that's impossible, Philip! You must be wrong. She is one of the women we planted in their Gestapo!"

☆ IT stunned him. It bewildered him. Throughout dinner, though he tried to listen to Georges Siblot, he kept seeing the face of Lisa Abernathil. Thinking, *If she is genuinely anti-Nazi she wouldn't have helped destroy an anti-Nazi press.* Or had he himself been wrong about her? Had he permitted his imagination, his bitterness, to shape his conviction? *But if she had nothing to do with ruining the press,* he asked himself, *why did she run away?*

He asked questions about her background; but, though Georges too now seemed uneasy about her, he replied, "I don't recall the details. We have her dossier, of course. We'll look it up tomorrow."

Philip had another thought after dinner, all the more shocking because it was so fantastic. Suppose, instead of being a Ravineau agent in the Gestapo, Lisa was a Gestapo agent who had slipped into the confidence of the Ravineau forces. . . . That would explain her part in the demoli-

tion of the Pour la Liberté press. . . .

Georges looked at his watch. "It is time to go," he said tersely.

It was dark when they left the apartment—unusually dark because clouds hid the moon. They walked. In the streets Georges Siblot was even more restless than he had been at home. He had the habit of glancing back over his shoulder every few seconds—a gesture as automatic as a tic.

They walked along the quay of the Joliette basin toward the great black jumble of stone that was the old town of Marseilles. A few fishermen lounged on the water front, smoking pipes and gazing moodily at the boats, but they didn't even turn.

The farther they went, the more nervous Georges became. It was contagious. Philip Layden felt a queer tension creep over him. No doubt it rose from this prospect of undertaking a hazardous new job—and of facing Paul Ravineau.

They reached the base of the old town with its narrow streets winding uphill to vanish in a labyrinth. The houses showed few lights. It was like entering an Oriental quarter where even the smells were unrecognizable—smells of fish and hemp and moldiness and strange cooking.

They climbed the crooked streets without talking. It seemed to Philip that Georges Siblot was purposely taking a zigzag, roundabout route to avoid being followed. He still continued to look back. As they drew nearer the summit, Philip found it impossible to shake off his own increasing sense of strain.

☆ AFTER fifteen minutes, Georges stopped. He peered intently down the hill.

"We passed the house a few moments ago," he whispered. "But one has to be sure . . ." When he was certain nobody had followed them, he added, "*Bien.* Now come."

They went back some fifty yards. Here Georges turned into the blackness of a doorway. The house was like all its neighbors—an ancient mass of stone that seemed uninhabited. As Georges knocked—an oddly timed succession of knocks—Philip couldn't help frowning. A weird place in which to visit a former Premier of France. . . .

The great oaken door was opened by a man in shabby clothes. There were no lights, and something about the mustiness of the interior seemed vaguely familiar to Philip. Then he remembered: it recalled the queer chill smell of the catacombs under Rome. . . .

On the upper floor they entered a long room lit by two shaded lamps, its windows heavily curtained. A table heaped with papers served as a desk.

And behind the desk sat Paul Ravineau.

At the sight of him a curious little thrill raced through Philip Layden. He knew that massive face. A few years ago it had filled newspapers, newsreels, magazines. That great mass of shaggy gray hair had made them call him the lion of France. The face was aged now, sagging and thoughtful. Yet it went well with the heavy body of the man. It gave you a feeling of power, of doggedness, of intelligence.

Paul Ravineau rose, smiling a weary smile, and offered a hand across the table.

"Monsieur Layden," he said. His voice held a slight hoarseness. "We are old friends." He smiled at Philip's surprise. "Many issues of your magazine have come to me in London," he explained. "So I feel I have long known you. . . . Sit down."

That was his way, simple and pleasantly personal. He betrayed none of the tension that must be in him from the knowledge that he was being hunted.

He tapped a pamphlet on his desk. "This would interest you, Monsieur Layden. It was written by one of your American statesmen. He insists that Hitler cannot win this war. The success of the Nazi military machine in roaring across Europe, over Crete, over the Mediterranean into the Near East, is a tragedy, he concedes, but not an insurmountable tragedy. He says Hitler has reached his peak of production, while in other nations—especially in your America—men are just beginning to roll out the tanks and planes and ships which are bound in the end to overwhelm him."

Speculatively he lit a pipe, then looked at Philip through a haze of smoke.

"I agree with your statesman," he said. "But it is not enough for us to wait for Hitler to be conquered by machines that are still to be built. There is a force under his very feet which may yet explode to destroy him. It is with this force that I am concerned." He sent an oblique glance at Georges Siblot. "No doubt you have explained to Monsieur Layden what we are attempting to do?"

"Only in general."

☆ "I SHOULD like to understand," Philip said, "just how I can be of service."

Ravineau replied, "You can be of service in many ways, monsieur, but particularly inside the conquered territories—with your intimate knowledge of their languages. . . . I gather, also, that you play the piano remarkably well. We can arrange to have you travel through German territories with a troupe of entertainers. The Nazis now send many such troupes into the conquered regions. It is part of their propaganda to prove that the Axis Powers have culture as well as guns. You will, naturally, have to use a suitable passport, which we will furnish."

It was so direct, so swift, as to be overwhelming. Philip Layden listened with a sense of rising excitement in himself. He had the curious sensation of being outside himself, too, of listening to these plans as he might have listened to a play on a stage. *But it's real,* he had to remember. *This is how men have to live.*

He asked, "What would be my mission?"

"To arrange for the installation of short-wave radio sets—hundreds of them—in the conquered territories."

Ravineau seemed unaware of Philip's astonishment. He bent across the table.

"Such sets," he said, "can keep Britain informed of every movement of German troops, every movement of supplies, every flight of bombers. Such sets would become England's eyes and ears on the Continent. More than that, they would serve to unite the conquered peoples by intercommunication—the kind of communication the Nazis dread and forbid. There are a number of hidden sets in operation now, but not enough. No, not enough. I should like to see so many in service that if one is destroyed the next can continue at once."

☆ PAUL RAVINEAU slowly straightened in his chair. "It will be dangerous work, Monsieur Layden," he said. "I don't want to minimize that. Before you accept the plan you must realize that to be caught means to be shot."

Philip stiffly nodded.

"On the other hand," Ravineau continued, "you will be doing what is at present perhaps the most important work in the underground crusade—the establishment of communications. We already have a long list of men in various sections who are prepared to help us. Your task will be to go to these men, consult with them, and arrange for the delivery of radio sets into their hands."

"How are the sets to be delivered?"

"By planes. We have German bombers that the British shot down over England. They have been repaired. They can be flown over German territory, loaded with short-wave sets. One of your tasks will be to mark suitable landing fields for them, with fires or flares."

"And how will I communicate with London?"

"Before you leave you will memorize the location of those short-wave radios now in secret service. They will co-operate with you in sending us word."

Before Philip could speak again, the door opened.

He glanced around, to see the man who had admitted him to the house—a baggy figure in fisherman's clothes. The man was frightened, out of breath. He twisted a cap in his hands.

"The police are in the street," he whispered. "Many of them. With soldiers. They're searching every house—for *you,* Monsieur Ravineau!" He turned panicky eyes to Georges Siblot and Philip. "And they're letting no one out through their lines!"

Will Ravineau be captured? Can Philip and Siblot escape? Excitement runs high in next week's chapter. There are startling surprises for Philip, and Mignon Gaudin is given a perilous part to play!

Coming home from a day's hard work, it's a truly happy husband who finds Schlitz at the evening meal! • With quail-on-toast or plain round steak, the *thoughtful* wife of millionaire or mechanic serves America's most distinguished beer • That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is within reach of everybody. It revives the tired taste, brings cheer to any spread. There is no substitute for a beer so fine it made a city famous.

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America's Most Distinguished Beer

Schlitz

IN BROWN BOTTLES, CAP-SEALED CANS, AND ON DRAUGHT

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The engagingly candid succe

story of a made-to-order s

It is *Corn*, but th

BY HOWARD SHAR

☆ WHEN you meet Gene Autry —always by arrangement of his public relations counsel and usually at Eaton's, a supercolossal drive-in across the street from Republic's Hollywood studios—you shake hands with a quiet-mannered business man incongruously dressed in several hundred dollars' worth of gaudy dude-ranch raiment designed to please the nine-to-fifteen-year-old boys of America. Under the watchful eye of his counsel, Autry delivers himself of a few homely niceties spoken in a Texan drawl. When he leaves you it is hard to realize that you have just shaken hands with one of the greatest stars of the modern entertainment world.

To realize this fully, you must close your eyes and conjure up a vision of stacks of theater tickets for which in a year's time children and adults have paid in nickels and dimes over $4,000,000. Imagine another stack, of phonograph records impressed with a plaintive unremarkable voice and a twanging guitar, representing a yearly sale outstripping that of any other singer, even Bing Crosby. Think of a radio program featuring this voice which sells more of its sponsor's product than any program has done before, and of truckloads of letters which monthly break all records for fan mail in Hollywood. Consider 4,000,000 sweat shirts bearing this man's name, and a like number of cap pistols with his insignia on them, plus a town of 7,000 people supported solely by the plant which manufactures the toys; add toothbrushes, play suits, scarves, rings, and novelty jewelry selling in unbelievable quantity because they are sponsored by him—remembering always that each article adds a figure to his bank balance. Finally, reflect upon a thriving music-publishing business and a touring rodeo which has broken every known record.

It is purity which Autry has made pay. It is the legend of the perfect hero, immaculate in life as in his screen shadow. The character to the casual observer is prissy in the extreme; but to the mothers of the uncountable moppet hordes who idolize Gene Autry he is a welcome object lesson for their young. And to the moppets themselves he is a palatable one. Babies cry for him. So also do the millions of simple folk, untutored in the big city formula, who just yearn for a nice exciting Western story with a chase at the end, with a hero whose sentiments they recognize, and with an admission price of a dime. "It is corn," explains Mr. Autry complacently. "But that's what the fans ask for, so that's what I give 'em."

Not even Queen Victoria could have found anything in an Autry at which to be not amused. No sheltered maiden aunt gasps, no virgin blushes, no rude boy hoots. There has never been a pre-adolescent who came home from an Autry and began asking embarrassing questions. This is phenomenal indeed, since the product is manufactured in Hollywood.

Autry does not smoke, ever, nor does he drink when he's in character. Privately, he is an exemplary husband. Mrs. Autry has been an exemplary wife, too, except once when she allowed photographers to snap her on a tennis court, wearing shorts. A flood of protesting letters resulted. Autry handled the crisis with ease. "Keep your skirt on," he told her simply.

As a matter of fact, Gene is increasingly astonished at the unprecedented restrictions demanded of him. In the old Chicago days, when he was just a radio crooner, he and the comedian Smiley Burnette could take some girls to a place for a bite to eat after the show, and people, knowing Autry was happily married, thought nothing of it. Now—well, one recent night he went to a Valley night spot accompanied by two publicity men and a lady member of the press, for reasons of business, without Mrs. Autry. Next day it was bruited about, even getting into a column or two, that Gene's attendance at the café was occasioned by an un-Autrylike interest in a shapely entertainer there. Horrified executives at Republic met this calamity with frenzied rebuttal and a private vow of the never-again variety.

The question of Gene's taking an occasional nip seldom arises to plague keepers of the legend, because he really doesn't enjoy drinking and only swallows a cocktail or two as a sociable gesture when with the press.

He himself is the most tireless guardian of the snow-white cornerstone of his fortune. He cannot risk even rumor or unfounded stories that might suggest that he was other than he seemed. For instance, since a cowboy is not supposed to have much money, the fact that Gene rolls in the stuff is hushed on all sides. In relation to the success of his pictures he is sadly underpaid by his studio, receiving $12,500 a picture, of which he makes eight a year, or $100,000 annually. Out of a million-dollar net profit this seems niggardly, but studio spokesmen explain that most of this profit is divided among the thousands of distributors, who are getting rich. However, Gene receives fantastic revenue from those other sources aforementioned, so that informed people estimate his income at around a quarter of a million each year.

Some of this the canny Autry reinvests in his rodeo show; much of it he socks away in government bonds or like unrisky securities. His own personal overhead is high. His home in

the Valley is referred to by press agents as a cozy unpretentious little place; but photographs of the whole of it are rare. It is by any standards a good-sized, solid affair maintained by a staff of servants and boasting terraced gardens in the rear, a swimming pool and bathhouse, tennis courts, a three-car garage full of smart cars, and a separate building housing his office, in the anteroom of which two secretaries answer his fan mail.

Autry's ranch, some 360 acres in size, was for long exactly what the Republic publicity department said it was, a cowboy's dream, with a lemon grove and an old barn and a corral full of horses. Gene had not known ranch life since he was sixteen, however. Besides, the dream grew. Just completed, at the terminus of a brand-new road which winds through terraced shelves hewn from the hills, is an enormous structure in colonial style with a living room and various sleeping quarters, kitchens, a large playroom done in the style of the '90s, a restaurant-sized bar, and a gallery letting into an immense vaulted arena which contains a tanbark ring for private shows. Adjoining this are the immaculate stables housing Champ, the movie horse, and the other mounts. It is all made of poured cement bricks and built to stand a hundred years. To this showman's paradise the singing cowboy rides whenever he has a spare moment, to inspect his citrus trees, which pay the taxes, and to help his private trainer, whom he got from a circus, put the ponies through their paces.

To such remarkable heights Autry, now not quite thirty-three, has risen from a hitching-post-and-general-store settlement in Texas where, as the grandson of the Baptist minister, he got a job as a railway telegrapher, and one night Will Rogers, dropping in to send some wires, heard him crooning to himself, requested They Ploughed the Old Trail Under, and encouraged him to turn his talent to account. Gene forthwith entrained for New York, where he was turned down by a recording company. The current success of the Jolson "mammy" songs set him to thinking of neglected fathers, so he worked up a song called That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine.

KVOO at Tulsa, Oklahoma, had given him singing time by then. Silver-Haired Daddy, recorded, sold 30,000 platters the first month. As KVOO was not paying Gene a salary, he accepted the thirty-five dollars a week offered him by Chicago's WLS, and that was the beginning. All along the way he kept to one formula: "Make it clean, make it simple, and remember the little feller." Eventually he starred in the National Barn Dance hour, and the recordings of his songs, most of which he composed, were bringing tears to eyes the country over.

About this time the Hollywood give-'em-sex theorists began hitting too far below the belt. The League of Decency charged, crape a-flutter. Out of the ensuing fracas emerged the Hays Office, and with it a frantic search for innocuous material. Some producers remembered that Westerns had once been the backbone of the industry. To bring them back and streamline them, Republic decided to add music. Yates, the new owner of Republic, had also owned the Brunswick recording outfit, for which Autry sang. Gene was imported and found to be able to sing, ride, and smile.

The first productions were frankly

ask for it

was taught to sing so he could help pack the choir, and taught abstemiousness and piety so he could set an example to other children. In Tioga, as well as later on his father's Oklahoma cattle ranch, these circumstances were maintained for him, and to this he attributes his deep understanding of what he calls "the little feller," what the latter wants for entertainment and what will offend him.

"With such a background, how can I be anything but corny?" Gene asks, reasonably enough. His first chance to discover that his product was corn, however, was when Professor Field's Medicine Show passed through town and left with the young Autry in train, engaged to sing doleful songs to street audiences. After that the boy

tests. Fan mail was surveyed and the breakdown showed that 50 per cent came from women, half of whom were mothers writing about the effect of the pictures on their children. Result: the formula for the Autrys, designed and perfected by Gene himself and by the studio. Obviously this new, pure horse opera's hero couldn't walk into a saloon, put boot on rail, order a shot of whisky, roll his own from the makin's in his shirt pocket, and then shoot up the villain. Nor could he dispose of the rustler by throwing him off a cliff—after an extended fight—to a violent death on the rocks below.

Autry, as the newly evolved hero, never takes unfair advantage even of his most dastardly opponent. He never does anything from a selfish motive, but only in defense of the downtrodden, the weak, the cheated. He never swears or uses suggestive language, and he is invulnerable to the wiles of any female. He was made thus invulnerable for the sake of the kids of that age to which a he-man becomes an ol' sissy-britches if he mushes around over any ol' girl. In the beginning Autry got his heroine (the rancher's daughter) and kissed her to prove it. But not any longer.

He's gallant enough to obviously good women; but when he meets a city gal who wears her dresses tight, he's rough with her. He doesn't hurt her, of course, but he sure does put a dent in her pride. Sometimes he drops her into a mud puddle or playfully shoots the tires off her car.

He never steals anything, not even in a good cause, and he destroys no property. He plays no practical jokes, nor does he laugh at the misfortunes of others. He doesn't laugh much anyway. Just smiles, even when singing.

He approves of wholesome fun, such as a barn dance or singing around a campfire, and joins right in with his guitar. He makes at least one rescue a picture; works industriously for his boss' best interests; gives any wrongdoer fair warning to mend his ways before foiling him; and always points up the moral of the plot.

Some of the texts of these little sermons are the love-thy-neighbor policy, forgiveness for those who have done wrong if they promise to go straight, thrift, and success—if it's honest. In a typical plot, the heavy is a banker or a monopolist. Anything smacking of the big city is fair game.

The radio programs follow the same pattern. Every one sings prairie tunes. Gene and his public relations counsel delete much of the script writers' material and start all over again, changing such epithets as "messy relic" to "squint-eyed maverick," which they feel is more in character and not so vulgar. The drama which ends the show is a miniature of the movie plot.

Although privately Autry feels no compunction about being too rich for his cowboy status, since enterprise is the American way, he sincerely is glad he has made purity pay. What with modern influences and all, he believes the kids of the country need his brand of instruction, recalling with pleasure that mothers use tickets to Autry matinees as bribes to make Junior be a good boy. "Just like Santa Claus," adds the public relations counsel.

And Autry is not really unhappy because he has not been invited to become one of the fabulous Hollywood "social" set. One consolation he has is that, even if his screen popularity should wane tomorrow, he could continue to earn an estimated two thirds of his present income for another fifteen years through all those side lines. Besides, he doubtless reflects that he would have nothing to say at a swank dinner party except what he tells the kids—and Hollywood probably would not be interested.

"Be good boys," he'd say. "It pays."

THE END

What Are Windsor's Secret Thoughts?

King of the World's greatest empire? And he left it—for the woman he loved. The grandest gesture in history and perhaps the greatest blunder. Today, Edward, Duke of Windsor, is far from the center of the most perilous times in his country's history. What are his secret thoughts—and hers? How can he but think of what might have been, had he held out a bit longer for the royal recognition he demanded for his American bride? His foes are dead, or removed from power. In their places stand his dearest friends—Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook, Morrison. How much or how little can they do for him and his bride today? Don't miss reading "The Secret Thoughts of Edward Windsor"—a poignantly revealing picture of his fortunes and his romance beginning in the October issue of TRUE STORY.

Behold the Woman—A Great True Story by Bette Davis

Despite her own magnificent portrayals of shrew, heiress, courtesan, empress, psychopath on the silver screen, Bette Davis admits she has never encountered a fictional character more courageous, more endearing, more bewitching than Martha Dexter, a woman of her acquaintance whose life story she has written.

You will never forget Martha Dexter. Her problem will reach deep into your heart, you will thrill as she bravely defies convention, sympathize deeply with her heartbreak. But you will be exalted at her magnificent triumph. Bette wants you to meet Martha Dexter, so be sure to read "Behold the Woman" by Bette Davis complete in True Story for October.

(Editor's Note: Bette's lovely story is one of the outstanding true life stories we have ever offered. Perhaps this is the perfect screen role for her. Read "Behold the Woman" today and see if you would like to see her play the part of Martha Dexter.)

RAPTURE

October's Gripping Book-Length True Novel

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Two turbulent souls whose devotion spelled disaster. Two tumultous lovers who found paradise inadequate. A man and a woman who were sightless toward the world about them yet found themselves staring at the grim reality of unforgivable transgression. What was this breath-taking emotion which swept them away with relentless fury? What was her heartbreaking sacrifice; his desperate awakening? How did they find redemption as the skies crashed over them?

"Rapture" is a tremendous true novel. It is the powerful story of two very, very real people, relayed by the famous storyteller, Nina Wilcox Putnam. You will thrill to "Rapture," this book-length story complete in True Story for October. Do not miss it!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE—

An introduction to Wendell Willkie's personal hero; A. W. O. L., lessons in love from a boy in brown; Searching Hearts, a vivid prize winning true romance; another thrilling chapter of Army Nurse; further revelations into The Case of Tommy Jordan; plus True Story's usual delightful departments of home and national interest.

On Sale August 29

OCTOBER **True Story**

Hotel Quiz

BY FRANK CASE

Author of Do Not Disturb and Tales of a Wayward Inn; proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin, famous New York rendezvous of actors, writers, and artists

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct ..... Excellent
30 correct ..... Good
25 correct ..... Fair
20 correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Prior to his entry into the field of national politics and his eventual inauguration, a President of the United States applied for and was granted a license to operate a tavern. Name the President and give the location of the inn.

2—You have all heard the expression "a clean slate." What is the origin of that saying?

3—What is meant by the "American plan"? "European plan"?

4—How did the name "bellhop" originate?

5—Which employees of a hotel are known as the pearl divers?

6—A famous American writer and Nobel Prize winner and an equally well known English writer each wrote a book about hotelkeeping. Who were the authors and what were the titles of their books?

7—Whose business is it to carry the hand luggage of arriving guests and whose of departing guests?

8—Among the superstitious, what is the most popular room number?

9—Who is considered the most widely known hotel man in the world?

10—Thousands of persons spend endless hours in the public rooms of hotels even though they have no business there. What name is applied to them?

11—The most famous book ever written, and which nearly every hotel in the country keeps in every room, is stolen more than any other hotel article. What is that book? What is most ironical about its theft?

12—A hotel in New York is the rendezvous for artists and writers. Name the hotel.

13—What does a hotel do with any surplus food that remains unsold at the end of the day?

14—What is the difference between room service and maid service?

15—What inn was immortalized as the haunt of Shakespeare and his cronies Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson?

16—A New York City inn was the scene of a famous historic event in 1783. What was the occurrence? Name the inn.

17—Of what hotel was it said that "if one sat there long enough, the whole world would pass in review"?

18—How does a hotelkeeper know which guest will make more demands on him than any other?

19—Which branch of a hotel is known as the Who, What, and Where Department?

20—Which is the largest hotel in the world? In Greater New York?

21—A famous American poet wrote a verse cycle set against the background of a New England inn. Name the author and the title of his work.

22—In what cities are the following hotels located: Book Cadillac; Netherlands Plaza; Brown-Palace; Benjamin Franklin; Martha Washington?

23—What New York City hotel is operated on a nonprofit basis?

24—An inn or hotel was the scene of the greatest event in Christian history. What was the occurrence and where did it take place?

25—What does a hotel demand of a guest without baggage?

26—What methods do hotels employ to attract business?

27—In what state is there a law which provides that hotels must use bed sheets nine feet long?

28—Most of you have heard the expression "The guest is always right." What hotel proprietor adopted this as his slogan?

29—What breakfast breadstuff which is served in nearly every hotel in the country is named after a hotel?

30—The greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors in English dramatic writing was killed in an inn during a quarrel. What was his name?

31—What common American slang expression generally used to describe something as smart, classy, swank, the cats, is derived from the name of a hotel operator?

32—What is the origin and meaning of the saying "eating on the cuff"?

33—Why have many hotel owners replaced lace curtains with Venetian blinds?

34—In what hotels are the following public rooms located: Pump, Sert, College Inn, The Bowl, Cocoanut Grove?

35—What is the most important asset of a hotel?

36—When and how much should guests tip the help for services? What is the origin of the word "tip"?

37—Name three hotels that are named after saints.

38—Answer the following as true or false: (*a*) The hotel is responsible to guests for any valuables they may leave in rooms. (*b*) A hotel doesn't care what the newspapers may say about it so long as its name is mentioned. (*c*) Practically all hotels are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Health. (*d*) Hotels encourage guests to take towels home as souvenirs.

39—Name five "don'ts" that hotelkeepers request of guests.

40—What does the word "front" mean in connection with hotel work?

(*Answers will be found on page 57*)

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

Grampa and the Spirit of

Here he is again!—Another lively tale of an oldster you've met in Liberty before

☆ ONE thing about Grampa, he never stewed in a poison of resentment over petty annoyances. He struck out, either by word or action. He always said a man who nursed a grievance in silence was bound to be dyspeptic and wind up with a liver you wouldn't give two cents for.

He demanded, "By Judas Priest and little fishes, do you women have to raise the roof? What is this place, a lunatic asylum?"

Kate Kibby broke off singing long enough to say, "Shush. Finish your breakfast and get out of here." She picked up the song where she had left off and continued sorting the soiled clothing on the floor.

It was Luella who struck the high ringing notes—lissome, lovely Luella, with her white sailor pants rolled up to her knees. Outside, the summer wind came fresh and strong down out of the hills, making the leaves dance, riddling the lake with countless needles of sunlight. Luella felt gloriously remote from the hot cluttered kitchen in which she worked at mundane chores.

"I'll get out," Grampa said pointedly, "when I've a mind to."

The big wash boiler on the wood stove thumped and pounded with the boiling water, and Grampa, eating a belated breakfast at a cleared corner of the table, liked the humid atmosphere of soap and steam even less than he liked the yowling of the women. But he hated to be ignored, and since both Kate and Luella went busily about their work as though he did not exist, he followed them with sharp villainous looks.

Luella said, "I certainly hope the weather stays like this for the parade, mother dear."

"'Twill, I expect."

Grampa grunted, hoping it would rain cats and dogs on the parade. Luella and her new airs, her new way of talking. Mother *dear!* He finished eating, and picked his teeth as obtrusively as he knew how, in the hope of getting a rise out of his granddaughter. One sure way to bring the house down was to spit on the floor; but he figured this would draw a rebuke from Bidwell on the grounds that it wasn't sanitary. Bid had joined the Boy Scouts, and was busting a gut being a credit to family and country. But Bid and the rest of them could hold their hands on their necks if they thought they'd get him, a man seventy-one, fit as a fiddle and in his right mind, to be party to any such foolishness as they had proposed. Grampa was fond of his grandson, but there was a limit to everything—and a man had his pride.

Lu said, "I wonder who'll get the prize for the most significant idea, mother dear, that Mr. Hight will give fifty dollars for."

"I'm sure I don't know. Probably some of those fine social busybodies from Upper High Street."

"Mother," Lu said, affecting a daintily shocked tone, "there is no sense, really, in being class-conscious."

Kate said, "I sure don't know what you mean," and tramped into the hall, to yell up the stairs, "Bidwell, you got to be at the Scout meeting at ten." She came back saying, "But if that poor Wickup family that's camping out on Grampa's bit of land is an eyesore to them golf people, it's too darn bad about 'em!"

"Right," said Grampa, getting up with vigor. He snapped his lavender suspenders and slapped on his fancy Panama hat. "Let them tend to their own dirty linen and we'll tend to ours."

"Right," said Kate.

Lu sighed. "Of course I realize full well, so to speak, that some people in this world have no ambition to better themselves. What is more, they begrudge it to other people."

"You're way over my head, Luella," Kate said good-naturedly.

Grampa was stuffing his pipe. "She keeps on, pretty soon Officer Stan Mojecki'll be too ordinary for her. Next thing you know, she'll be wanting breakfast in bed, with a French maid. 'Fifi, my breakfast!' Polly voo, tooty sweet, la belly France!"

"Oh, go along, Grampa," Kate said. "No sense riding her."

Lu's voice was distant, frigid: "I am perfectly able to take care of myself, thank you kindly, mother dear. Even against certain old men with no feelings whatsoever for a young girl who is aware of new horizons and interested only in hitting the bottle and no sense of civic pride whatsoever."

"Since when you been hitting the bottle?" Grampa said.

Lu stamped. "I didn't say me! I said you! You know what I mean!"

"Plain muddleheaded," Grampa said.

He punched open the screened door, stepped out, and tipped his hat down against the brilliant sun glitter on the lake. "What a day!" he said. His beak of a nose twitched appreciatively and as he swung down the rickety back steps he hummed an old marching song. The ground was still wet from the rain that had fallen during the night, but the air was clear.

Where there were puddles he stepped gingerly so as not to spatter the cuffs of his white duck pants. He was on what he would have referred to as a tour of inspection, though in truth it had no purpose whatever. He visited Bid's rabbits, took a look in the hen coop, in the woodshed, and in the careening garage. This course carried him from the back door around to the long flight of wooden steps that climbed the ledge to the front porch. He moved on past the steps to the spindle-shanked dock, there to lean against one of two posts which supported a large board sign. He'd painted the sign himself and given it to his son-in-law as a birthday present two years back. It said:

KIBBY'S LANDING
Boats for Hire—Bait for Sale
Tom Kibby, Prop.
If No One Present Ring Bell

Tom was down below bailing rain water out of a rowboat. The only part of his face visible was his bony door-

ey came slogging
own in the rain,
eir faces raised
grim, almost wild-
ed determination.

knob chin—the rest being hidden by one of Grampa's cast-off panamas, dirty and cut full of holes for ventilation.

Gramp called out, "You be going to the village this morning?"

"Wasn't figuring on it," Tom said. He stopped bailing and straightened up to get the crick out of his back. He was always glad to stop whatever he was doing. Sometimes when he stopped he got completely sidetracked into doing something else. All he ever needed was an excuse, no matter how flimsy. "Take you down, though, if you want to go."

"Oh, I can walk," Grampa said, meaning he would do so only as a last resort.

"No sense walking when you can ride." Tom's voice was low, soft, deliberate. He never moved rapidly. His eyes were brown and gentle in his gaunt long face and he almost always needed a shave. Kate said people were forever imposing on him. "Let's go."

☆ AS they moved along toward the garage Grampa said, "The way I see it, I ought to take a trip somewheres. Anyhow, till after the parade. Bid and them women'll give me no peace. And I'll be doggoned, Tom, if I'll make a spectacle of myself like they'd have me do!"

Tom got in behind the wheel. "What's that, Grampa?"

"Ain't you heard?"

"Don't recall."

"Oh, that's right. You were out fishing last night." Grampa got in and slammed the door. "Them Boy Scouts. Well, they're going to have four kids carrying a stretcher, and they want me a-laying on the stretcher, my head bandaged and all, like I was wounded in an air raid."

Tom listened respectfully. "Sure enough, Grampa?"

"In a nightshirt! Me a-laying there in a nightshirt, flat on my back! Youth Succors the Aged!" He laughed bitterly. "Some spectacle I'd make! Me, a man in the prime of life, fit as the day I was born, being party to any such foolishness! I hope to spit in their eye, I won't!"

"Well," Tom said vaguely and stepped on the starter.

"I'm ag'in' it all. Parades and ballyhoo and a-playing at being soldiers and them snobs from Upper High Street and the Riding District with their fine patriotic airs. Phooey! Three-four years ago, I mind, they were the same folks that threw a fit when there was talk of the army holding maneuvers here. Oh, dearie me—we don't want soldiers around *here!* And Preston Garr Hight even wrote to both senators. Yahn! And now they're falling all over themselves making speeches and waving flags. It makes me retch, Tom."

"Sure enough," Tom said, backing out of the garage.

Bid came clattering down the steps. "Hey, wait for me!"

"Never rains but it pours," Grampa muttered. Privately he had to admit that Bid looked pretty neat and chipper in his Boy Scout uniform.

Aware that they weren't going to drive off and leave him, Bid stopped his helter-skelter running and collected himself into some measure of martial dignity. He strode up to the car, stopped, put his heels together and saluted.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

Grampa choked. "Don't you 'sir' me!"

Bid relaxed and slouched into the back of the car. "Boy, what a beef *you're* putting on over nothing," he said.

"That sounds more like you," Grampa told him.

"Yeah, you're a fine one. A fine one you are! Afraid to do a guy a favor. Afraid to lay on a stretcher—and everybody else all doing their bit for the parade and their country. Trouble with you, I guess, you ain't got any of the good old Spirit of '76. I hate to say it, Grampa, but I think you're slipping."

Grampa banged his knee. "I'm a freeborn American citizen and I'll fight anybody says I ain't! I'm willing any time to die for my country, 'tis of thee, but I'll be gol-dinged if I make a fool out of myself for anybody—you or anybody, Bidwell Kibby, my fine-feathered grandson!"

"O. K., O. K.—don't hit the roof," Bid said. "Let's get going, pop. Drop me off at G. H. Q."

☆ ONE of the best places in town to sit and watch the traffic go by was the Tru-Blue Filling Station, Simon Rasmussen, Manager. It stood on the southeast corner of Post Office Square, opposite the Grange Hall, and afforded a point of vantage from which to observe the Town Hall, the post office, and the firehouse around the corner on Church Street. Simon always kept a couple of chairs out front beneath the wooden awning, and Grampa always bought his cigars there—three cents apiece, two for a nickel. With a cigar in his mouth, his chair tilted back against the building, his Panama hat tipped down over his nose, it was possible for him to check up on the goings and comings of the townspeople. If he didn't feel like passing the time of day with anybody, he closed his eyes and pretended to doze. He did just this when he saw First Selectman Ty Root spot him from the Post Office steps and come across.

Ty sat down in a chair next to him, broke open a fresh pack of cigarettes, said, "Hi, Simon," to Rasmussen, who was at one of the pumps, and lit up. He leaned forward, elbows on knees, and smoked in silence for a couple of minutes. The reason Grampa had to give up was because he had to spit. He leaned well over to one side to do it.

"Been out to look over your land lately, Grampa?"

"Sundays I look my land over. Yesterday was Sunday."

Ty's voice became confidential. "I tell you, being first selectman's not all milk and honey." He took off his hard straw hat, revealing a lumpy bald head. "Seems like you got to satisfy everybody, and no man can do that, and them you don't satisfy get their back hairs up."

"She's my land, she ain't zoned, and I'll do with her as I please."

Ty laughed uneasily and drummed on the crown of his hat. "Well—uh, personally, of course, it makes no never mind to me, one way or the other. But when people complain, when they write in to me, I got to make some reply. Now don't I?"

Grampa nodded. "You got to do your duty as you see it. Well, you done it. You approached me, and I say she's my land. I give them folks the right to camp on her and clean out them blowdowns and sell 'em for cordwood. Whose fault is it the golf course comes up smack against my land? Ain't mine. I didn't build the golf course."

"Well," Ty said feebly, "it was suggested by certain parties that the squatters—I mean campers—could move in a ways from the sixth green."

"They camped where there's water, and it sure busts my heart that them snooty country-club folks sicken at the sight of people too poor to look as fine and fancy as they are. They get up all kinds of benefits for folks all over Europe and China, and native-born Americans can just go ahead and do without. Well, sir, Ty Root, I contributed my pennies to them Finns and I give my best gum boots to them Bundles for Britain. But I ain't forgetting the home-grown folks." He slapped his knees. "Gimme a pencil and paper. I'll write an answer for you!"

Ty stood up hastily. "No; I'll do it. Well, I got to get on. Just thought I'd mention it to you. Well—" He hurried off like a man anxious to keep the peace at all costs.

Grampa liked Ty, really. Ty was not a man to hold a grudge. Once, in the course of a heated argument at Town Hall meeting, Grampa accidentally hit him over the head with a water pitcher; but Ty never held it against him. Sheriff Bob Waterford cooled Grampa off in the clink overnight, and when Ty heard of it next day he threw a fit. Trouble with Ty was, he tried to please too many people at the same time and wound up by pleasing nobody completely.

☆ GRAMPA went over to the post office to look in the box. On the way out he met Preston Garr Hight in the doorway, and stood his ground. He looked Preston Garr Hight straight in the eye and said:

"Certain God-fearing folks located on a certain piece of land in the Riding District will continue to be located there till hell freezes over."

Preston Garr Hight, president of the Riding Country Club, stepped aside and colored a deep guilty red. He was a large strong figure of a man, distinguished-looking in his coco-colored sports jacket and doeskin trousers. He held Grampa's truculent stare with one equally truculent.

"Sir, if you will move out of the door either way, I shall be deeply grateful."

Grampa said, "I remember you when you were just Peegee Hight and did a poor job of covering second base for the old school team. I taught you how to drag a bunt, Peegee."

"I wish to send off an important letter air mail, special delivery. Do you mind, sir?"

"It's your right as a freeborn American citizen," Grampa said with dignity and strode out.

☆ THE land was good. There were fifteen acres, five in upland meadow and ten in woodland, the bulk of it separated from the golf course by an old carry road that led from the state highway back to Danish Lake. The sixth green was directly alongside the carry road, and across the road was a grove of birches and a fine spring—on Grampa's land. In the beginning he had owned a couple of hundred acres, acquired years ago for a pittance in the days when he made good money as a sign painter. It was all wild tangled land then, a thick leafy oasis amid the farms. In the years between he had sold most of it, a parcel here and a parcel there. The town grew, new roads were put down, the easy range of motorcars increased, and the distant rich began to move in, either from the cities or from other towns that had become too industrialized. Eventually they built the golf course, purchasing a slice of Grampa's land. They didn't get it for a song. It was a very special club, very private, with annual dues of three hundred dollars. So of course the affair of the itinerant Wickup family was, if not a calamity, at least a nuisance.

Next day Grampa hitched a ride out of town in one of Quagliano Brothers' trucks, got off at the carry road, and made his way on foot into the woods. Under one arm he carried a couple of small signs. He heard somewhere the ring of an ax and the whang of a saw, and knew the Wickups were hard at work. The big wind last fall had brought down a lot of trees, and Grampa felt that he was killing two birds with one stone: getting his woods cleaned out and giving the Wickups a helping hand.

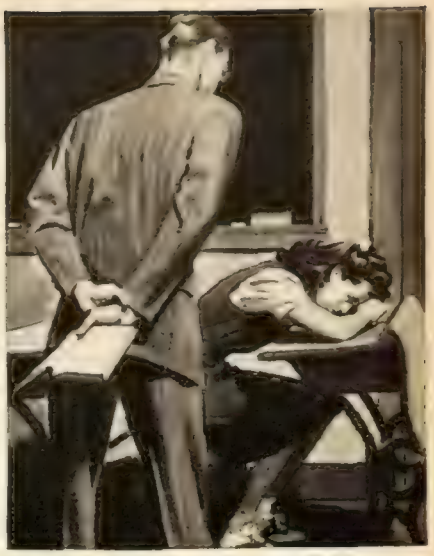
The battered trailer stood in the birch grove, the front end of it propped up on boulders. Next to it was a tent in which the men slept. The sedan was at least ten years old; most of its paint had peeled off and it owned but three fenders. Three children, none of them older than five years, stood in the carry road gawking at a foursome on the sixth green. They were skinny and ill clothed and undernourished.

A wood fire crackled between two rocks across which a grill lay. Stew was steaming in a big pot and coffee was making. Mrs. Wickup was adding fuel to the fire, and her daughter-in-law sat on a campstool near by mending a child's undershirt. At the sound of hammering Mrs. Wickup

Patty flunks a quiz

Patty needs a laxative. But an important examination starts in an hour. She's afraid to risk interruption.

So she starts off to school in no condition to take a quiz.



Patty tries to concentrate on her examination. But an aching head and general discomfort make it impossible.

Again and again poor, unhappy Patty has to answer: "I don't know."

Sally knows the answers

Sally needs a laxative. Her semester examination begins in an hour, too.

But Sally's mother says: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." She gives Sally speedy Sal Hepatica. By the time school starts, Sal Hepatica has worked effectively and gently.

Sally is able to put her best efforts on classwork—with good results!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEXT TIME you need a laxative, don't delay. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. Acts gently, thoroughly—without discomfort or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this speedy, sparkling saline!

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again!

Whenever you need a laxative, take the speedy, gentle saline recommended by so many doctors: Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

looked up. Grampa was nailing a sign to a tree. The sign said:

Property of Greene Putnam
Golfers Stay Out!
Golf Balls Returned for a Moderate Fee

Mrs. Wickup called out, "Anything wrong, Mr. Putnam?"

"Nope," Grampa said cheerfully, and moved off to nail an identical sign to another tree. "No, nothing wrong, madam. The Bill of Rights still operates in this country, bless the memory of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln! You've a mind to, you can pick up a little pin money from them golfers."

The men came out of the woods. Wickup was mopping his head, all over the thin-haired top of it, and he grinned. With him were his sons, one sixteen and the other twenty-five.

"Well," Wickup said jovially, "we got three cords about, so far, and we got 'em all ordered at eight bucks a cord. I figure if we get one more we'll have enough to see us home on. I got a letter," he went on. "Ma has it there. From home. The old mill's opened up and me and the boys are sure of getting us jobs."

"Mighty fine," said Grampa.

"Mister, I don't know what we'd've done if you hadn't let us camp here and cut that wood up for sale. We were down to our last buck, and with the axle of the trailer bust we sure were in a pickle. Only thing is, I'm afraid we're causing you hard feelings with the golf people."

☆ GRAMPA sat up straight. "Anybody bothered you again?" "Oh, no. Not since the first time. Not since the first day, when the golf superintendent come over and told us to get going, and we said we couldn't account of the axle. But they keep looking at us every once in a while—bunch of them stand in the road there like they were discussing us."

"Lucky it was a Sunday you got stuck—else I wouldn't 'a' been out here and they might have hauled you out with a tractor and dumped you on the highway."

"Oh-oh," one of the sons said. "Here comes a cop." He pointed to a white police car bumping in on the carry road.

Grampa stood up and snapped his suspenders. "You leave him to me."

It was Stan Mojecki, Luella's beau, resplendent in his gray-blue uniform.

"Hi, Grampa," he said cheerfully as he sprang out of the car.

"Say what you got to say and then get, Officer Mojecki."

Stan laughed in the best of good humor, then reached into the car and brought forth a glass jug of milk. "This is for you folks. Mrs. Kibby sent it over."

"Well," Grampa said, "she's my daughter, all right."

Mrs. Wickup took the jug from Stan and looked as if she were going to break down and cry.

Wickup was grave. "You thank Mrs. Kibby kindly for us, please."

"For all of us," Mrs. Wickup said.

Grampa picked up a rock and threw it at the golf course.

"What's the matter, Grampa?" Stan said.

"How do I know?" Grampa growled. "Come on; give me a lift. I aim to look over an auction." He tipped his hat. "Good day, madam," he said to Mrs. Wickup; and to the men, "Be seeing you, boys."

Mrs. Wickup said, "Likely at the parade, if not sooner. The young ones'll put up a howl if we don't take 'em. Pa was always one for parades, too, when times were good."

Wickup blew his nose. "Yep, I guess I always was. Used to get my old fife out and march with the best of 'em."

"Well," Grampa said grudgingly, "what's one man's meat is another man's poison. You coming, Officer Mojecki?"

☆ LUELLA hummed. She sang. She squirted the tiny atomizer and then closed her eyes and pirouetted deliriously through the faint mist of perfume. Faintly from the parlor the sound of radio music penetrated to her room. She was trying on the flowing airy robes she would wear in the parade. She would wear a crown of silver paper and tinsel and she would carry a scepter. She was the Queen of Mercy and would sit in a huge antique chair loaned by the Old Century Antique Shoppe and ride high up on one of Quagliano Brothers' trucks.

Stopping suddenly, she clasped her hands beneath her chin and sighed. She affected a dreamy, faraway look. "No," she whispered tragically. "No, it cannot be, my dear baron, though I love you dearly." She retreated, holding her hand out before her. "Please, I beg of you, baron, come not closer. I cannot bear it." She closed her eyes, drew in her breath, held it. "My life, dearest baron, is not my own. I did not will it thus. I belong, you see, you must realize, to my people. My people, baron!" she cried. She held one hand to her breast and extended the other. "You may kiss my hand. And then—begone, my love, begone!" She made a sweeping dramatic gesture and inadvertently knocked a framed photograph of Officer Stan Mojecki to the floor.

"Oh!" she gasped, and in an instant was on her knees. The glass was broken, but Stan's fine winning smile persisted through the sunburst of cracks. "Oh, Stanley darling," she whispered, "I didn't mean it!"

Kate opened the door. "What happened, Lu?"

"Oh, darn it, I accidentally busted the glass in Stan's picture."

"Well, see you sweep up the pieces. You don't want any glass in your feet. What's that you're wearing?"

Lu was stricken. She tried to hide behind the bureau. "Get out, ma! Oh, get out, *get out!* You're not supposed to see it till the parade!"

"Oh," Kate said. "Oh, all right. Sorry I poked in—but that crash—"

"Mother dear, will you please—will you *please* get *out?*"

Kate banged the door shut and returned to the porch, plumped down in an armchair next to Tom, and said, "Knocked a picture down, was all."

Tom was lying on the small of his back in a canvas chair with his shoes off and his feet cooling on the porch rail. His pipe sagged from his mouth and his arms hung down straight, the knuckles barely touching the floor.

Kate peered at the woods where the road came out to the landing. "I'd sure like to know where Grampa is," she said. After a minute she asked, "Any idea where he might be, Tom?"

"Uhn."

"When he don't show up for supper, ten to one he's off on a toot. I wish Bid wouldn't've riled him so much about that parade. Little things like that'll dump him right smack off the wagon."

"Sure enough," Tom mumbled.

"Maybe you better get in the car and go see if he's in Stoefinger's or down to the Tavern."

"Somebody'll bring him home."

Kate squirmed. "It's what I don't like, somebody bringing him home. I'll go."

"You know what happens when you go."

Kate subsided. "Well, I guess you're right."

"He can hold it. Better'n any man I ever saw."

"It's Lu," Kate murmured. "It always upsets Lu so. You can't blame her. She's nowheres near old enough yet to understand how it is about people. She's got no tolerance. She's too young." She sighed. "I only hope he don't come home singing The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

There was a long minute of silence which in the end was broken by the creaking of Tom's chair. He put on his shoes, stood up, and yawned.

"Guess I better," he said.

"Gosh, Tom!"

"You set. I'll get Grampa."

☆ KATE watched his lank figure rock unhurriedly down the steps, and felt a wave of tenderness course through her body. Tom never got around to doing a lot of things, but when it was something that worried her she could depend on him. She watched him drive up the old logging road, and marked the spot where she saw the last red flicker of the taillight. She kept her eyes fixed that way until, half an hour later, she saw the bright swaying vanguard of approaching headlights.

She went down to the garage to meet them.

"Hi, daughter," Grampa belched.

"Hello, Grampa. Had a good time?"

"Good a time as any man can have in a dead town like this." He was sitting in back holding a large square cardboard box in his arms. "Look out, daughter. I'm about to get out."

"Let me take your package, Grampa."

"You just keep your hands off this package! I been to an auction."

"Oh, all right. Only take it easy." Tom said, "He's all right," and by that Kate knew that he was able to walk by himself.

He entered the house on tiptoes, clutching the large box grimly, giving Kate a wild feline grimace as he disappeared up the staircase. She stood in the center of the parlor, listening, praying that he would not take a header in the darkness. Minutes passed, and at last—with a glance at the closed door of Luella's room—she sighed with immense relief. Then all at once she gave an involuntary giggle. She turned to Tom.

"Doggone it, Tom, what you suppose he's up to?"

"Search me. He said something about he'd sure make a monkey outta some folks in that parade."

"Good grief!" Kate groaned.

"Prob'ly a lot of talk. From what I hear, folks in the village been kidding him about no Spirit of '76 or anything. Guess Bid started it."

Kate held her head in her hands. "You know how he busted up that parade two years ago, Tom. Getting that hunk of wood a foot long, big around as a stovepipe, painting it to look like a firecracker, and sticking a fuse in the top. Then, just as the band come swinging down the street, he runs out, lights the fuse, and sets her down, and—"

"Them fellers sure broke and run," Tom said. "I near to split my sides."

"Tom, it's no laughing matter!"

"Who's laughing?" Tom said.

☆ THE day of the parade broke gray and lowering, the air motionless and soggy with humidity. Not a leaf stirred. Beads of moisture clung to the screens on the back porch.

"Oh, dear," said Luella.

Bid turned from the kitchen window. "Lay off, Lu. Another hour, it'll clear up and be bright as anything."

"Oh, dear, it's been like this since yesterday. You know what that means."

"What'd the radio say?" Kate asked, mixing a batter.

Lu sighed, "Local thunder showers."

"Well," Kate said, "local don't mean general."

"It means here, though," Lu said.

Bid smacked fist into palm. "For Pete's sake, don't cross your bridges till you come to them! I say she's going to clear off! I know!"

Lu was wistful. "I knew when the B. P. W. picked me to be Queen of Mercy, something'd happen."

Bid kicked open the screen door and stamped out to the back porch. He yelled back in, "Go ahead, go ahead! Talk us into rain, talk us into it!" He took a savage punch at the clothespin bag hanging from a line strung between the porch posts.

Kate said, "Stop yelling, Bidwell. You'll wake Grampa. Come in here and eat your apricots."

"Then tell that sister of mine to cut out going to pieces over a little bit of overcast sky." He strode in. "What, apricots again?"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!

Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.

Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: *Wait a minute!* Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how *good* PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!

The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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There's a double reason for giving them this

JUICE

● The reason youngsters go for Florida canned grapefruit juice is because it *tastes* so good. Tangy, wide-awake, refreshing.

The reason wise mothers like to give it to them is because this pure, undiluted juice is an energizing and *safe* summer drink—even for delicate stomachs.

And it's so convenient and *economical* you get *twice the vitamins for your money* as in any non-citrus juice or soda drink.

Keep Florida canned grapefruit juice always in your refrigerator—along with Florida canned *orange* juice, and canned orange-grapefruit *blended* juice. Packed under many fine labels. Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida.

FLORIDA CANNED

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?
Now you can enjoy a smoother faster shave and save money too!
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
DOUBLE EDGE
20 FOR 25c
Single Edge 15 for 25¢
Guaranteed by Marlin Firearms Co.—Fine Guns Since 1870

Kate said, "Lu, go up and listen if Grampa's up, so I can get set with his coddled eggs. And out of you, Bidwell, a little less guff from you to me."

Bid hunched over his dish of apricots. He grumbled, "Ah-r,. I'm sorry, ma. But, gee whiz, Lu and her beefing around—"

"Shush, Bid. 'Twon't rain."

Tom came in from outdoors, sat down, and began eating.

Lu called down the stairs, "Grampa must be down there somewheres. Nobody up here."

Kate set her jaw and went upstairs. Grampa was not in his room, nor was the large cardboard box. Her throat felt dry and constricted. She had tried her best to get into the room and see what the box contained; but he'd kept the door locked, saying he could make his bed up himself.

"What's the matter, ma?" Lu asked.

"Oh, nothing," Kate said, trying to be offhand. She didn't want to worry Lu—not now, just before the parade. "Oh, I guess he got out early so's to get a good spot to watch the parade. Go downstairs and eat your breakfast, dear."

As Lu was about to sit down at the table she paused, stared toward the windows, and swallowed. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" said Bid through a mouthful of bread.

"Thunder. Far off."

"Ha! Listen to her! Thunder!" Bid put his elbows on the table and covered his ears with his hands.

☆ MAIN STREET from the Monument all the way down to the West Ridge cut-off was closed to through traffic. Officer Stan Mojecki was stationed at the Monument and another State Police officer rerouted the traffic at the cut-off. From an upright staff in front of each store in the three business blocks a flag hung limp in the still, brooding air. The sidewalks were crowded. People sat on store steps or hung out of windows above.

Back over the hills the thunder rumbled lazily. It was ten to ten, and at ten the parade was due to start at the school athletic field, march to the Monument, and come swinging down Main Street, to pass in review under the temporary stand which had been erected in Post Office Square. Upon the stand, beneath the canopy, stood Representative Edgar Thomsbury, Colonel Wister Blake, Retired, Preston Garr Hight, and other dignitaries. Preston Garr Hight was chairman of the Parade Committee and had notified the Weekly Sentinel that he proposed to present a special prize of fifty dollars to the person or group whose theme was most significant of the times. He wore a beautiful white suit, white shoes, and in his buttonhole was a miniature enameled flag.

Kate was dressed up in her Sunday best, but her heart was in her throat and she wished she could steal away somewhere and hide. But she wanted to see Lu as the Queen of Mercy and she wanted to see Bid striding along with the Boy Scouts. She had hunted high and low for Grampa, and so had Tom, but nobody had seen him that morning.

☆ "WELL," said Tom, itching in his blue serge suit, "maybe he did like he said."

"What was that?"

"Took a trip. Said he'd a mind to—anyways, till all this here stuff was over with."

"Oh, I pray he did!" she murmured, hoping against hope. "But that box, Tom!"

"Might've been stuff for the trip."

She almost wilted with a relief which she felt she had no right to admit. Her lips pressed hard together. She held on grimly to Tom's thin bony arm.

A detached clap of thunder, tentative and experimental, as if trying out the neighborhood, banged high above the Methodist church. The upper branches of the elm began to sway.

"She's a-coming," Tom said.

Kate craned her neck. "The parade! Where?"

"Storm," Tom said.

A flag on the reviewing stand struggled once, then flopped. People began shifting, calling out here and there. The fringe on the awning in front of Pennington's Drugstore curled in under and fell out again, trembling. Thunder crashed above Main Street, shaking the earth. Then the wind came, slashing up the street, striking everywhere at once, lifting awnings and banging them down again. Then the rain came.

"There goes your parade!" Sheriff Bob Waterford said, heading for the Town Hall.

Some of the people broke and scurried off down the side streets, but most of them pressed back against the building walls, beneath the awnings, or bolted into the stores. The dignitaries on the reviewing stand were isolated in the loud, boisterous downpour. They huddled closely in a group beneath the billowing canopy. The thunder rolled and banged and thudded and the wind howled.

Sheriff Bob Waterford stuck his head out of a Town Hall window and yelled through a megaphone: "Parade's off! I phoned the school. They were all lined up, ready to start, when the rain dumped down and scattered them. Tore the bunting to bits. Ruined them nice floats and all. Parade's off!"

Kate, huddling with Tom beneath Pennington's awning, said, "Poor Luella!" She breathed deeply. "Well, there's some good in everything. If Grampa *didn't* take a trip—"

"Hey!" a voice called out. "Hey, listen! What's *that?*"

At first Kate could hear nothing but the sound of the wind and the rain and the bumping of the thunder on the earth. But everywhere, she noticed, people had stopped scurrying away for shelter and were crouched, twisted, or upright in listening attitudes. Then she heard it.

It was a thin sound, faint and far away but for all that persistent, shrill and lively among all the greater sounds that slammed and boomed in the street. The wind snatched at it repeatedly, almost blowing it away out of earshot; but each time the shrill sound came back, and each time it seemed closer at hand. Mixed with it, then, she heard the raggedy rattle of a drum.

"Tom, it's a fife and drum!"

"Sure enough," Tom said, peering up the street. "Look!"

"It's Yankee Doodle," Kate said, feeling a thrill.

They came slogging down in the rain across Post Office Square, three drenched and sodden figures with three-cornered hats on their heads, their pants tucked in under the knees, their shirt sleeves rolled up, their faces raised in grim and almost wild-eyed determination. The fife shrilled and the drum clattered and the flag whipped and tossed in the wind.

Kate placed the flat of her hand gently against her forehead. "Glory be!" she croaked. "Grampa and the Spirit of '76!"

For Grampa carried the flag, Mr. Wickup played the fife, and the young Wickup boy beat upon the drum. Around and around the reviewing stand they marched, oblivious to the rain, the thunder, and the crowd. They were the only marchers—two men and a boy. No one else came tramping down Main Street in the rain.

Kate said, "Doggone! He was to that auction! He had in that box the drum and them funny old hats!"

☆ IT was Preston Garr Hight who descended magnificently from the comparative shelter of the canopy on the reviewing stand. The heavy rain hit his beautiful white suit and almost instantly turned it to limp gray sacking; the wind tossed his hair around. He didn't care. There was a strange gleam in his eyes—something of the wildness that shone in the eyes of Grampa and the Wickups.

"Gentlemen!" he said, holding up his hand. "Let me be the first to shake the hands of you who have given to us the most significant theme of the times! I congratulate you! I mean that from the bottom of my heart! You came through!"

Grampa was panting, but he managed to grin. "You ain't doing so bad yourself, Peegee. You can make your donation to Mr. Wickup, here. He and his'n still got a long way to go, and there won't be any ballyhoo and fiddle-faddle on the way."

Kate opened her umbrella and gave it to Tom. "Tom, you go out there and get him. Hurry up! Get him before this rain plain washes him away!"

She turned and shouldered into the drugstore, grabbed hold of a clerk and marched him away from the door. "I want a pint of the best rye whisky you got. That's what I said—whisky. And don't look at me that way, either. It ain't for me."

THE END

CHANCES ARE...4 OUT OF 5
EVEN YOU MAY HAVE
GINGIVITIS

Often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its soft shrinking gums

DO you know that Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation—is so common today—4 out of 5 of us may have it?

Gingivitis often starts with tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth. So watch out! If neglected—it may lead to ravaging Pyorrhea which only your dentist can treat. See him at once. Then do this:

For "Every-Day" Help To Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known FIRST for both massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dull, dingy teeth to their natural sparkling luster.

Forhan's—original formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—not only does a thorough cleansing job—but even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder *so many* dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for over 20 years!

Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. Why not enjoy its advantages—change to Forhan's *tonight!* All drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Nowadays thousands of sensible people visit their dentists every 3 months. Thus he can keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis and help keep gums and teeth in good condition.

FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

I WAS A FOOL TO TRUST HITLER

Continued from Page 21

In the Sudeten region of Bohemia the development of a corporative system was already fairly well advanced; and the system is a characteristic feature of the Mussolini regime in Italy. In Germany I was chosen by the National Socialist Party to found an institute charged with the preparation of the introduction of the corporative order. This was before the Party's seizure of power. Professor Spann had fallen out with Hitler, hence Hitler had appointed me and one other person. We founded this institute, or academy, in order to train suitable people. We also organized an experimental Chamber of Corporations.

Then came the seizure of power by the National Socialists, at the beginning of 1933. At first everything seemed to go on well enough. But it soon became clear that the idea of a corporative system in general, and our institute in particular, had many opponents. Many industrialists were against it because I had been made its director. And almost the entire government bureaucracy was against it as a matter of course. Within the Party a meeting took place in which Dr. Robert Ley expressed his views. Hitler took a position opposed to Ley. Opinions clashed violently. And finally Hitler declared solemnly that everything was to be done as I and my friends had proposed: within eight days we were to establish a corporative system in Germany. He said: "Just as the political movement originated in Munich, so the economic reform shall originate in Düsseldorf."

One reason why Hitler was for the corporative order, it seemed to me, was that he opposed the idea of fusing Germany's three general federations of labor unions into one. What he wanted was to divide the labor front; and he was right in seeing the necessity of this. But unfortunately he did not stick to his ideas.

In order to counter Ley's fight against the corporative system, I entered a complaint with Hitler against Ley. I told him Ley was not the right man for the post which he occupied. Thereupon Hitler became quite wild and challenged me to prove it. And I did so; at least, I thought I had done it. But nothing happened.

Aryan Ears—but a Roving Eye

As I have already remarked, I was not close to Hitler in a general way. Nevertheless I was able to discuss the corporative system with him at various times. I was frequently in Berlin, and once we talked about the subject while I conducted him around one of my mines. On this occasion, by the way, another matter came up as well, namely, the encounter which Hitler had had with Wilhelm Furtwängler, the orchestral conductor. Hitler told me how he had sent for Furtwängler and told him he simply could not keep on playing pieces by Jewish composers. That was as if he, Hitler, were to fall in love with a pretty Jewess. I had to laugh inwardly. For actually, whenever Hitler did go near a woman at all, the woman he ogled would turn out to be a Jewess.

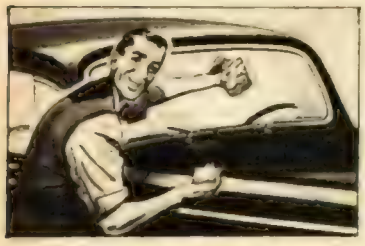
The Nazis not only nominated me a Reichstag deputy, but Göring, as Prussian prime minister, made me Prussian state councilor for life. This was supposed to be a special honor. In the State Council I attended five sessions, which were not bad. But one day Göring said to me: "I can't continue these sessions behind closed doors, as I had intended, because I have seen the bishop of Osnabrück, Monsignor Berning, taking notes." So, after four further sessions, everything was changed. There was no more listening to the motions of members; henceforth the state councilors were treated like pupils being crammed in a course on national socialism.

Soon the State Council was as good as forgotten, and so was the corporative order. Ley achieved a complete victory. The corporative system would have made impossible such corruption as that which permeates his own creation—the Labor Front.

I was a fool to believe that Adolf Hitler's intentions were sincere.

What is the real cause of Hitler's insane hatred of Jews? All humanity has long been wondering. In Liberty next week an utterly amazing—and logical and impressive—explanation by Fritz Thyssen will be put before the world in his memoirs, which will also account for, and free Thyssen's mind on, the trumped-up Nazi charges against the persecuted Catholics.

STOP STRAINING to see through a bug-spattered windshield! Bon Ami Cake gets the squashed bugs off quickly, easily—*yes, even when the sun has baked them on the glass!* Remember, you need clear vision as well as good brakes to avoid accidents. You'll find Bon Ami leaves the glass polished so crystal clear you hardly know it's there. Buy a cake of Bon Ami today. Keep it in your car.



"I FEEL SO MUCH SAFER after I clean my windshield with Bon Ami Cake. It leaves *no dangerous "oily film"* to pick up summer dust and make night driving difficult."

BON AMI CAKE
for windshields and windows

Copr. 1941, The Bon Ami Co.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 6

I do know that Spencer Tracy worried a lot while he was making it. And I don't blame Tracy. The ham-histrionic border line always is just around the next close-up. It was a tough assignment, this strange study in dual personality written in 1885 by Robert Louis Stevenson. The result is a bigger, more lavish, more colossal Jekyll-Hyde.

This 1941 celluloid investigation into Dr. Harry Jekyll and his released evil nature, Mr. Hyde, is far too long (it runs two hours and seven minutes). The Tracy performance gets a tremendous amount of close-up celluloid, but it seems to me to lack the shock-troop qualities of either of its film predecessors, done vocally by Fredric March and silently by John Barrymore. Actually, the best acting is contributed by Ingrid Bergman as the taproom slavey who comes under the power of the sadistic Hyde.

Stevenson's The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was written in strange fashion, befitting such a macabre tale. Stevenson, thirty-five and ill, was living at Bournemouth, not far from London, trying to write Kidnapped. The subject of duality in man's nature had been on his mind. One night he had a nightmare—and that sinister dream outlined three episodes of Jekyll and Hyde, including the circumstances of the transforming powders. Next day Stevenson started writing in a high fever. When he had completed half the first draft, in which he portrayed Dr. Jekyll as bad all through and Hyde merely as a disguise to give vent to his desires, he stopped and tore it up. Then he started all over and in three days completed the tale substantially as you know it.

Tracy's Dr. Jekyll is a little too virtuous and smug. His demoniac Hyde can slink through the London fogs and can leap a spiked fence with the best of the past Hydes but depends less on bizarre make-up than is usual to the role. Still, the result is far from inspired. The prolonged close-ups make Tracy's work seem dull and draggy. No still portraits were permitted to be released of Tracy in his Hyde fright outfit. You'll have to see the movie to get your shock.

Miss Bergman's performance of the enslaved victim of the vicious alter ego has an earthy vividness, a sharp physical appeal. Your Beverly Hills would like to award some sort of special prize to the casting director who selected Lana Turner, the ex-sweater girl, as the high-bred Beatrix Emery, the object of the good doctor's sentimental advances.

An overelaborate, overlong shocker, distinctly not for the kiddies. But there's Ingrid—for the grown-ups.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ SUN VALLEY SERENADE

It was inevitable that Hollywood would get around to Sun Valley sooner or later. And it was more or less inevitable that the little North star, Sonja Henie, would do it. Darryl Zanuck went at the job expansively and expensively, sending the company on to the Idaho playground and practically building another Sun Valley back at the studio.

Thus Sun Valley Serenade came into being. The story? A Cinderella frappé fable. The press agent of a Broadway orchestra arranges for the handsome pianist to adopt a little homeless refugee—and, when the boat docks, the refugee turns out to be Sonja. The piano player had thought himself in love with the girl singer with the orchestra, but La Henie wins him in short order, once the band goes to Sun Valley to play.

There are picturesque shots of the ski lifts up Sun Valley, scenes of skiing and skating at the Idaho resort. There's a big decorative studio ballet on black ice, of all things. Who says Hollywood can't improve on nature? Sonja is magic on skates or skis; she even acts with a quaint and considerable charm. John Payne is personable as the pianist, and Lynn Bari, as the jive singer, is an attractive loser for his affections. Milton Berle has some amusing moments as the press agent. Glenn Miller and his orchestra toot the roles of the band effectively.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★ —The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop.

★★★—Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me.

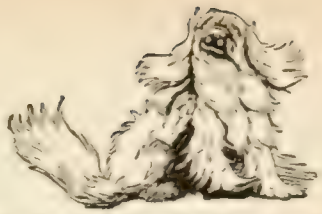
☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

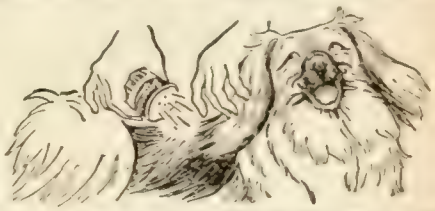
(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

MY FRIEND FLICKA, by Mary O'Hara.

This novel is a love story with uncommon values. It's about the overwhelming love of a ten-year-old boy on a Wyoming horse-breeding ranch for a recalcitrant colt—which may sound pretty juvenile to you. But the author handles the development of the boy and the animal personalities in a manner quite distinguished. Fare for anybody, it'll have lovers of our equine pals weeping on their weskits.



1000 YEARS OF ROYAL BLOOD, and what's it got me? *Fleas!* And I'm supposed to look regal! But I think my Mistress has caught on—she's gone out to get some SKIP-FLEA POWDER.



THAT'S BETTER! This SKIP-FLEA *really kills my fleas*—and it's borated to soothe the old bites! We've got SKIP-FLEA SOAP for baths, too. It slaughters fleas just like the POWDER.

FLEAS BRING WORMS as well as itches. Spare your pet—get SOAP and POWDER in the Sergeant's *Flea Insurance Kit*. At drug and pet stores (and the new *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK).

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

SORE TOES

Nature's Warning That CORNS Are Coming!

Don't wait! At first sign of sore toes from shoe friction or pressure, protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have quick relief and keep FREE of corns! They take the ache out of corns; quickly remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. Large box costs but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ AS you know, the railroads lowered their rates to soldiers, which is highly appreciated by us all. Why don't the Bell Telephone Companies give us special long-distance rates? We would all like to talk to our mothers and families and best girls once in a while, but (and it's a big but) there aren't many of us who can afford a week's pay for three minutes of conversation. A lot of us do it, but, oh boy, how it hurts to put it out!

Cpl. B. J. R., Camp Wolters, Tex.

I can answer you best by quoting from a letter signed by Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., Inc.: "As a practical matter, it has not seemed feasible or desirable to apply lower toll rates to men in the service than to other classes of users. Aside from the question of the legality of such a rate treatment, it would be difficult to refuse similar treatment to other groups. Moreover, there would be numerous administrative difficulties. To mention only one of these, it would be extremely difficult to identify the calls which should receive the special rate treatment, particularly where the call was placed from a telephone outside the camp. For these reasons we have, therefore, not seen our way clear to adopt such a plan.

"It has been our experience that men in the service are generally familiar with the fact that lower long-distance rates apply during the evening and night hours and on Sunday and are making extensive use of service during these hours."

I have been reading your page since it started, and the "gripes" from the boys had not prepared me for the very pleasant surprise I got at Camp Blanding where I went to visit my son. The hostess at the guesthouse is a very fine lady and, in spite of a full house, she managed to find a comfortable bunk for me at fifty cents a day. Complete meals, and good, at thirty-five cents, with service free and equal to a better class hotel. When I asked my boy if the life was tough, he said, "I can take it and I like it. My officers don't ask or order me to do anything they can't or won't do themselves and do better than I can." That was the average spirit of the many men with whom I talked.

W. B. E., New York City.

Glad to have your firsthand report from the parent's angle. A lot of other fathers and mothers will be glad to read it, too.

With so many Regular Army men of the first three grades available, why is preference in granting commissions given to men of the National Guard? The latter will, no doubt, make good officers when they're fully trained, but they do not at present have the practical experience of the regular noncoms with years in the Army behind them.

Sgt. P. S. M., Camp Callan, Calif.

It's news to me that Guardsmen are being especially favored in the matter of commissions and I can't get any verification that it's so. If it is, I'm with you to a certain extent, but where would the "New Army" be without the backbone of old-line noncoms, if too many had bars instead of stripes? Another reader asks why R. O. T. C. graduates are given commission preference over Guardsmen. So it goes. Now I'm waiting for a letter asking why West Pointers rate all others. That I *won't* answer.

I recently received my honorable discharge from the Army and was given one complete new uniform. Please tell me how long I am permitted to wear it, also whether I can legally sell or give it away if I want to.

D. L. F., Pontiac, Mich.

The uniform is now your personal property and you can legally make any disposition of it you wish. There is no law about the length of time you may wear it after discharge, but common sense says until you are rehabilitated in civilian life and equipped with civilian clothes.

I enlisted in the National Guard last September, just before my outfit was inducted into federal service. I was told that the base pay of a private, after four months, is thirty dollars a month. Has my commanding officer the right to break me down to twenty-one dollars?

Pvt. R. B. M., Fort Dix, N. J.

The law reads: "The monthly base pay of enlisted men . . . of the seventh grade, $30; except that the monthly base pay of enlisted men with less than four months' service during their first enlistment period and of enlisted men of the seventh grade whose inefficiency or other unfitness has been determined under regulations prescribed by the Secretary of War . . . shall be $21." In other words, if your C. O. classes you as inefficient or unfit he can hold you down to the twenty-one-dollar rate even though you have served more than four months.

LAWS OF THE SERVICE

(With a nod to Rudyard Kipling)

Now these are the laws of the Service,
  And ever she maketh it plain
That sergeant's or corporal's chevrons
  Are difficult things to attain.

Alcohol serves in the compass—
  Without it the needle would cleave—
But it spinneth the head of the soldier
  And washes the stripes from his sleeve.

Give heed to the voice of thy sergeant,
  But keep thee thine own wisdom mute,
Lest he figure thee out as a wise guy
  And runneth thee up for a shoot.

Keep furbished thy gear and thy brightwork,
  Look well to the tools of thy trade,
Lest the rust of neglect be discovered
  In thy rifle at sunset parade.

Remember the one tainted apple,
  Forget not the chain's weakest link;
Be neither the one nor the other,
  Else repent of thy sins in the clink.

Hark well to these laws of the Service,
  Graved deep by the saber of Mars;
Conform to the mandates thus blazoned
  And rise to thy place in the stars.

Tech. Sgt. Frank H. Renfrew, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

"I have a few suggestions to make, General. My son has told me how badly you run things down here!"

THEY HAD MAGIC THEN—Continued from Page 11

A madhouse of young men and women in shorts and jerseys were sweeping, tacking canvas on frames, lugging furniture into the auditorium, or standing in corners and loudly repeating parts. On a tall screen of black paper, in golden letters, appeared the legend: "Through these doors you enter an enchanted world," and below it, a roster of actors from the Age of Illusion.

The names ran alphabetically, in three columns, and at the top of the second column the shy lady saw the name "Lily Layton."

She skimmed through the others: Maude Adams, Margaret Anglin, the Barrymores, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro, and returned to her own. She had not felt so incredulous since the moment when, as a particularly unworldly baby of fifteen, she had received the telegram from David Belasco's secretary offering her a job on Broadway.

She looked about, with a desire to thank these dear kind people for remembering her. None of them noticed her, except when she was in the way of the furniture movers and a man yelled "Gangway!" She peeped wistfully at their excited unheeding faces, and turned. She sighed that there was no Miss Layton any longer, but only Mrs. Gooch.

☆ OUT of the box office a thin, very bald man popped, yelping, "Lily! I don't believe it! What are you doing here? Don't you remember me? I'm Ben Malon. I was company manager when we were touring Sussex Sands. Not so young as I used to be—well, I guess none of us are, no sir—so I came up here to run the business end for this kiddie-kar outfit. Like to meet 'em?"

Before Lily had time to be shy about it, Malon had yelled, "Hey! Linc! Come and meet your betters!"

Lincoln Earlhill, the manager, was twenty-five and looked like an Apache Indian; in winter he did a strange ineffectual thing called "teaching drama" in a Western college; summers, he devoted what money he could wile out of his relations to small impromptu theaters. He greeted Lily with a reverence she had not known these latter years.

"I never thought I'd have the privilege of meeting you. Of course I'm not old enough to have ever seen you on the stage." Lily winced, then forgave him. "But I've read everything about you. Would you like to see our layout here? Oh, come on!"

She was pleased when, gaily, not waiting for her consent, Linc seized her arm and marched her down the auditorium aisle and up rickety pine steps to the meager stage. It was only twenty feet wide, the curtain looked like a decayed sheet of oilcloth rolled around a fence rail, and there wasn't enough room in the wings to hide a dwarf. But Lily was content. These ten years past she hadn't been going back on opening nights in New York; she didn't seem to know these preposterous new stars, and they didn't seem to remember her. To walk across a stage, any stage, aroused her.

"Look. We only got two dressing rooms for the whole gang. But they've got good light," said Linc. He led her into a coop smelling of chalk, dust, mice, and old paper, with eight stools distributed at four kitchen tables bearing milky old mirrors in pine frames.

"Well— But I've had it worse than this on the road," said Lily.

"That's what I tell the kids! I'd like to have 'em meet you. It'll be an inspiration. Look. Would you come out and meet our leading lady—Sophie Anscoff? She's only twenty-two but I think she's a real genius. She played with the Group Theater—right on Broadway—once! She'll be awfully proud to meet you."

Lily would have gone with this adoring young man even to meet a critic.

☆ THEY teetered down sinister dark stairs to the yard back of the town hall. It was quite a dirty yard, strewn with abandoned jaloppies, shaky benches, secondhand tombstones, and the wreckage of political reputations; but amid the debris a young man clad chiefly in optimism was stippling a piece of scenery which was lying on the ground, a young lady was turning an old-fashioned hatrack into a gilded throne, and on a discarded church pew, devoutly reading Stanislavsky's My Life in Art, was Sophie Anscoff.

She was beautiful as a thunderstorm is beautiful; her black hair was in elf locks and seemed the darker above her atrocious costume of orange sweater and crimson slacks. Her nails were red lacquered and they appeared to be the only very clean portions of her fine brown hands.

Lily and Sophie looked at each other scrupulously and hated each other as fire hates dry wood. But the innocent Linc babbled, "Soph, this is Lil-y Lay-ton! Sure 'nuff! She's been living here since she retired."

"Layton?" queried Sophie huskily. Oh, she was an actress, all right; she was good, quite good, but not good enough to keep an old trouper from perceiving that Sophie knew perfectly well who she was. With her first really pleasant viciousness in a long while, Lily cooed, "Yes, I was on the stage myself once, Miss Uh."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," crooned Sophie. "Didn't you use to do Barrie and Molnar and all those caramel-sundae parts? Isn't it curious how that sentimental eyewash has disappeared from the theater now?"

Linc Earlhill scolded, "Oh, Soph, for Pete's sake, don't get started on the Social Significance! Just let me tell you, people like Miss Layton and Ethel Barrymore, back in the days when they could still get romantic

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scripts, really made the stage in this country. They had magic then."

"Ah, yes. Magic . . . magic!" sniffed Sophie.

Through a tight throat Lily croaked, "So you don't believe in magic—in romance—in illusion?"

"No, I don't. I'm down on all this charm stuff. All phony."

"I see. And just what do the young discoverers propose to put in its place?"

"Realization of character. Identification. Concentration of attention. Reality. Power!"

"What nice words those are. Well, I'm glad to have seen you all. Good day!"

Lily knew that the embarrassed Linc was trying to iron it out, but she marched through the alley beside the town hall and homeward. As she passed the drugstore she disapprovingly saw that the theater youngsters were sitting at the counter ruining their stomachs with ham sandwiches and malted milk. She wanted to round them up and take them home for a decent meal. But she told herself that she was hurt and hungry, that she was finished forever with the untrained and bumptious brats who were ruining the theater today.

She lay awake till two that night.

She was asking herself if there wasn't something to what that wretched young Sophie female had said. If she had depended more on power and knowledge and less on charm and Albert Gooch, mightn't she still be in the theater, instead of being the servant of Bessie and Cook and a house of cobblestones?

☆ OF course she vowed that she would never go near the Beach Players again, and of course she went to their opening night, when they presented, or thought they were presenting, Brief Moment.

She assumed that a woman of her Goochian respectability couldn't possibly go to the theater alone, though just why she couldn't, in this gray marsh-scented community where the most perilous night rovers were wild pussycats, she couldn't have told you. She went with old Mrs. Dr. Jones from Schenectady—two shy, quiet, pretty women in embroidered Chinese shawls, ignored equally by the Old Families and by the arty summerites to whom summer theaters were almost as amusing as sailing or psychoanalysis. . . . She had once been Lily Layton; she had once been a magnet to waiters as the consort of the vigorous cigar-smelling Albert Gooch. She was nothing now but Row G, Seat 16, while up there on the stage a congenital orphan like Sophie Anscoff was for two hours the dictator of the world.

Except for Sophie, the performance of the Beach Players was bad; it was atrocious; and the setting was a brown blur with some chairs and a couch. As for Lincoln Earlhill's direction, you couldn't exactly say that it was bad; you could only say that there wasn't any direction. If three or more actors were speaking, the idea was for them to make a neat stage pattern by standing side by side in line, like a college glee club.

Lily was alternately hot and cold; gloomily pleased that these young interlopers were so bad, and embarrassed that fellow craftsmen could ever be so sloppy. She had never in her life walked out on a play, and she didn't now, but that night—after getting rid of Mrs. Dr. Jones, who had also disliked the performance but, like a true layman, for the wrong reasons—she sat alone on her terrace, looking into the moist darkness with only the riding light of a yacht to keep it alive, and tried to assure herself that she was glad these brats had shown themselves up.

It didn't much relieve her that Sophie had been good. Sophie overplayed, she made with the eyes, she gasped and beat the breast, but she had life in her and protest. Lily brooded, That beastly young woman! I hate her. A born ham. But—if she had the training and the direction, she'd be another Kit Cornell!

Not till Friday night of that week did Linc Earlhill come to her.

He was hungry-looking, he was tired and scared, and he talked in an anxious cataract, with none of the small pomposities of a college instructor.

"I saw you at the show Monday evening, Miss Layton. I could see you didn't like it. And how right you were! It was fierce—and it's been getting worse all week. I guess I can't direct. I get so sore I lose my temper, and then the actors do what they want to, especially Sophie. I could choke her to death! Oh, she might become a good actress—"

"I thought you were in love with her."

"Yes, I guess I am—anyway, I certainly hate her just now and—oh, yes, I hate her, and—Miss Layton, I want a thousand dollars. Right away."

"*What?*" She didn't sound like Lily Layton or Peter Pan; she sounded like the relict of Albert Puddington Gooch, who invented bookkeeping.

"I know. I got an awful nerve. But I've put in all I could get my hands on, and if I can't raise another thousand bucks we can't get through the season. The theater will go bust, and that would be a tragedy."

"Do you think so, Mr. Earlhill? It's a very bad theater, you know."

Linc stood over her chair so that she resembled a white rabbit in the shadow of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

"Yes, and why is it bad? Because none of us has a chance, except in the summer theaters. For every job on Broadway there's a hundred competent kids scrambling for it and praying for it and willing to cut throats for it. How the deuce are we going to learn to act and direct by acting and directing? And then, when semi-amateurs like Sophie and me try to learn, a big-time star like you just laughs at us and says we're bad! You used to love the stage, and the stage loved you, and it made you. Give us a chance!"

Lily made one of those swallowlike rises of hers that had once been famous, crossed to her demure white desk, and wrote a check for a thousand. Then she adventured:

"Do you think it might help you if I came and acted in one of your productions? I'd just expect Equity minimum salary, and—" She was appalled; she answered herself: "Oh, that's a silly suggestion. I'm all out of training."

She was in her lilac-silk chair again, smaller than ever. As awkward as a brown bear in the zoo, Linc knelt by her, kissed her hand, and cried, "That would be the biggest thing anybody ever did for the theater!"

"I don't think Sophie would agree with you."

"She'd better, or else!"

☆ THE Beach Players were to do, for their fourth week, the recent Broadway success, Daughters Don't Understand, starring Miss Lily Layton as the Mother and featuring Miss Sophie Anscoff as the Daughter.

It was an Intellectual Play, with a great deal of conversation in it, mostly to the effect that the world was a good deal upset and that the Younger Generation didn't like it much, and didn't like their parents at all. Having been created by an Intellectual Playwright, the central character was, naturally, an Intellectual Playwright, who was the Mother. No intellectual ever stoops to writing about anybody except playwrights, novelists, critics, and poets—though you may work in a doctor, provided he does more talking than

THE AUTHOR

All the world knows that Sinclair Lewis is the author of Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry, Ann Vickers, It Can't Happen Here, and other famous novels, and of a number of plays; that he's a Yale man and a Nobel Prize winner; that his old home town is Sauk Center, Minnesota. It's no wonder he can tell so authentic a story of life backstage in a summer theater; he himself has acted in them for several seasons.

operating. The law is that if a customer doesn't find these superior people and their love lives important, he'd better stay home or go to Hellz a Poppin.

When Lily read the script, she flinched. Where were the fairy lights, the green-gold robes, the guttural villain, the cloudy moon above enchanted woods? She didn't understand a single line of all this talk about the World Today—she never did understand it. Yet during rehearsals she was more excited than the youthfulest apprentice, and much more scared. She knew so many more things to be scared of, from having a stone wall (made of canvas) fall on her, to the major tragedy of coming out onstage with a petticoat showing. With glorious idiocy, she went clear into New York to get her make-up at the seedy old drugstore on Sixth Avenue with which she had dealt twenty-five years ago. From the comments of Bessie and Cook upon this escapade, one would have assumed that Lily had, at least, eloped to Peru with a Russian gigolo.

She tried to be one with the youngsters by coming to the first rehearsal at the town hall in sneakers, sweater, and slacks, but she who had nonchalantly worn tights as a fairy princess now felt depraved and extremely unmagic in masculine trousers, and at the other rehearsals she wore her smuggest gray-blue suit and white buckskin shoes with the highest heels on record.

☆ THE play concerned Daughter's revolt against the dramatist Mother and their rivalry for the same young man. In the final act Daughter suddenly grows up, turns on her elders, and wins the hero—a person whom one would distinctly not want to have in the household.

Lily made the Mother easy and smiling; her most vicious lines she gave so lightly that she seemed amiable. She heard Sophie Anscoff wail to Linc, "Oh, good Lord, that woman is going to go and get dainty on us!"

Lily reflected, with considerable less timidity than a week ago, And how! You watch me, you young unemployable!

She was disappointed that the company were all on time for rehearsals. It would have been pleasant to have been there ahead of them always, and to have looked with quiet superiority as they straggled in. But they were punctual, they worked hard, they were ambitious—and all of them, save Sophie, were artistic ditchdiggers and vegetable cooks.

Where were the charms and grandeurs of the old days, when the theater had been a shrine, a sanctuary from the world and its vulgarities? Where now was that great gentleman of the stage, Chesterton Gaul, who had never read a book in his life yet who became, at will, king, bandit, or beggar, and whose smile had always lifted the frightened little Miss Layton? Oh, well, he was an old man now, living in an actors' home and forgotten, and every year she sent him red roses, and he answered, on paper with a crest, in a note that was equally courtly and misspelled. And where were the tenderness and wrath with which David Belasco could turn a kitchen wench into a serene goddess? Linc's well meant direction consisted in spotting the players about the stage in nice geometrical patterns which seemed to have no purpose except to bunch them in front of the star during her best scenes.

Lily's only real fun at the rehearsals was in warfare with that young anarchist Sophie. The other beginners, as she sat with them on a plank bench waiting her turn at rehearsals, were indifferent to her; they had never heard of her, and most of them did not know that there had ever been any theater before Orson Welles. They weren't interested enough to ask her advice—poor woman, she would have been so pleased to give it!

But Sophie could be depended on to keep up a very high level of offensiveness. She knew who Lily was, and didn't like it. As Lily sat by the fireplace (which, in rehearsals, was a grocery box), suavely gesturing with her cocktail glass (a small paint can), Sophie threw the lines back at her only too quickly, too harshly, looking her hatred of the suavity. Well, hate is at least never dull.

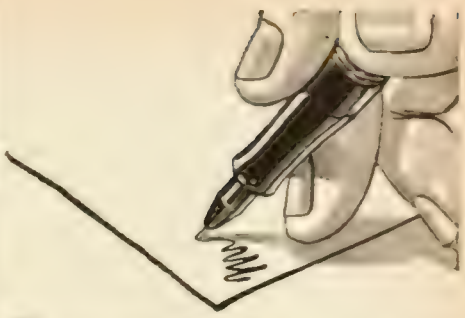
It was clear to Lily that she'd better know her lines. There wasn't going to be any pampering of the glamorous old-time star. And she learned them. She drafted Bessie, the housemaid, to cue her every evening, and that was a feat. Only Cook herself was solider and soberer and less approving of play-actin' and goin's-on than Bessie, who had also originally been hired by Albert Gooch. But half by impertinence and half by whimpering, Lily coaxed her to listen, over and over, to such bejeweled lines as "I sometimes think that virtue is founded more on deafness than on good sense."

Her part went on like that for eighty sides and till two in the morning, when Bessie fell asleep in her chair. Lily kept at it, tramping all over the bedroom, glaring, moaning, stammering, yanking at her own soft hair. At dress rehearsal she did not miss one line, and so she came, in this war of attrition, to the set battle of Opening Night.

☆ LILY was sick-scared. *They* were out there in front. They, the Audience, the eternal censorious godlike They, who were not human at all but a dark diabolic mass of beings without faces, who laughed in the wrong places and coughed all the time and could destroy you if their superhuman intelligence was not satisfied by the sweat and terrified desire that you, a working woman, put into your part.

Would They jeer at her for daring to try and come back? Would there be guffaws along Trumbull Avenue after the show?

She clutched the edge of a backing flat till the pattern of the canvas was imprinted on her fingertips. She was



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muttering her entrance line over and over, but even while she said it, she was convinced that she had forgotten it. She was shaking; she was blind and deaf. She could not hear one line on the stage—and yet she must have heard them all, for on her cue, exact, she came mincing onstage, and They applauded and believed that she was as cool as a traffic policeman.

In the play the time was supposed to be December, but in real life it was very much July, and across the back of her shoulders, under her furs, Lily was sweating like a threshing crew. In the play she was supposed to come into a hostile group of her Daughter's friends; and in real life that was just what she unfortunately did. There was altogether too much realism in the hostility with which Sophie and company looked at her as Lily piped the flatly coy line, "Will you aged philosophers please give an aspiring author a cup of tea—and not too much Italian vermouth in it?"

It is possible for two actors to do a quarrel so alarming that the audience will believe they really hate each other, yet all through it to be saying, with kind and lively eyes, "Come on—you're doing fine—sock me again—isn't this a grand scene!" But when Mother and Daughter closed in a violent duologue later, there was in Sophie's eyes nothing but hostility and contempt for old-time stage technique.

Lily was dismayed, and thrown, and she stumbled on a line. Before the stage manager, whom she could see through the fireless fireplace, squatted on his stool, could prompt her, it was Sophie who gave her the line. That was very nice of Sophie, and Lily was grateful, until she saw that Sophie's eyes were still impenetrable with hatred. Then Lily, who had naïvely meant to help this child, accepted the challenge.

☆ POOR Sophie Anscoff!

She was up against a woman who was generous but who had trouped with seasoned hams that could illegally keep the eyes of the audience on them by shivering, grinning, looking at the feet, balancing a highball glass on the back of a chair, or holding a match until it almost burned their fingers. Lily did nothing so crude as that; she merely used a look of tender surprise, plus a series of bright chiffon handkerchiefs. She fluttered them, she put them to her lips and to her eyes, she dropped them on the floor and looked for them, she squeezed them into damp agonized little wads in a desperate hand.

The wicked audience loved her for all this naughtiness, and watched only her and never looked at the fine desperations of Sophie. By the end of the second act the obdurate Sophie knew that she was licked, and as for getting credit for her high-class emoting, she might just as well have gone home and read a good book.

In the third act Lily did not need even the hokum of a handkerchief. She was sure of herself now. Twenty-five years of indolence were gone, and she was swimming, swift and confident. She just held the handkerchief in her hand, as a threat to Sophie, and began acting.

The Mother was supposed, in this final act, to be shamed and defeated by Daughter's unflirtatious integrity, and to do something like slinking out into the night. But Lily smiled as wistfully as Lillian Gish; she made the audience love her for her frailty and hate the hard Daughter for her self-righteousness. She took Sophie's blows not on the jaw but on trembling lips, and where she should have slinked, she simply stole, and on her exit the audience sounded like the surf, while Sophie, center stage, stood and wondered who had blacked the lights out on all her talent and glory.

☆ ONLY one person was adequately angry at Lily Layton for her skilled misbehavior that evening, and that was Lily.

She was having to share a dressing room with the five other women in the cast. Four of them tried to congratulate her, but she stopped them with smile and uplifted hand, and thus she stopped the ardent Ben Malon and Linc Earlhill when they blundered into this jungle of dressing gowns and cold cream and silk stockings rolled up like doughnuts. But as for Sophie, she stooped over her mirror and neither congratulated Lily nor said anything else.

When Lily was ready to go, her Bessie, who had been indignant at being shanghaied as a theatrical dresser but who was excited now and admiring, brought from the door the news that General and Mrs. Whippany would be pleased to offer Miss Layton their compliments.

For twenty years Albert Gooch had hoped that the Connecticut Whippanys—judges, shipowners, bishops, college presidents, brass artificers since 1657—would sometime invite his lovely bride to one of their mansions, or at least say something more passionate than "Haryou." He had died hoping so, but now Lily snapped, "Tell them I can't see them. I have a headache—or I would have, if I looked at their fishy faces."

"Yes'm," said Bessie with respect. She had never heard Mrs. Gooch talk that way.

Lily escaped with no more word to any one.

She whirled around her terrace at home like an infuriated mouse, wishing that she were an actress.

Then Linc Earlhill was there, crying, "I couldn't tell you, with all those people around, Lily!" Yes, he called her that, but the ex-Mrs. Gooch didn't even notice it. "You did the most wonderful acting tonight that I ever saw." Well, she reflected, the young gentleman hadn't seen much acting for comparison. "I realize what a hopeless director I am and what amateurs my company are—especially Sophie. I think I'll fire her."

"Oh, no! You said you were in love with her!"

"I guess I am, at that. I'd marry her if she were willing, which she isn't. She thinks I'm a dried-up Colorado Yankee. Oh, yes, I suppose I'm crazy about her, but not as an actress. You certainly showed up that imitation Nazimova tonight!"

Never had Lily sounded so maternal: "Linc, you *are* stupid! Sophie played circles around me tonight. She played that brat so well that I wanted to kiss her, and the only way I could keep the audience from seeing how she was stealing the show and prevent their laughing me right out of Graham's Beach was to keep on mugging, so that nobody ever looked at the poor baby. You better marry her—do you hear me?—and not let her get away."

"Yes?"

"Before the movies tie her up with a seven-year contract."

"I'll try."

The doorbell was ringing. They heard Sophie's voice: "I've got to talk to Miss Layton. Is she still up?"

"You mean Mrs. Gooch, don't you?" grumbled Bessie. "I'll see."

Lily commanded Linc, "Go in the living room there and leave the door open and listen. Perfect! This is the old farce technique."

Sophie floated toward Lily as if she were enchanted. "Miss Layton, I never knew what acting really was till I saw you tonight."

"It was all hokum."

"Oh, I knew that, of course."

"Oh, you did, did you!" said Lily.

"Sure. I'm not *that* dumb! But for the first time I saw that illusion and loveliness are almost as important as reality."

"Almost?"

"Yes. And I can't express them yet, so I'm going to quit Linc and the company."

"But I thought you loved him."

"Sure I do. But what the dickens! He's so dry. I'd like to touch a match to him. Maybe I'd be willing to marry him, but I don't want to waste my time acting with a director like that. He thinks he knows it all. He won't listen to me! So I'm going back to New York end of next week, and see if I can't find me a Belasco—"

"Oh, shut up! You've found one!" said Linc, as he made a spirited entrance. "I get the point." He kissed her with the ardor and grace of a two-months-old pup.

The two of them sat at Lily's feet, holding hands, while she recalled her touring days. Even Sophie did not consider Lily "dainty" as she told them of six months playing under canvas.

All the while, she watched these harsh, insistent young people, so unsympathetic to her and so incomprehensible, turn human in the spell of her fluid voice, and on Linc's shoulder rested the handsome angry head of Sophie.

They didn't say much but "Thank you" when they went, and Lily could hear them quarreling healthily as they swung up Reedy Lane.

Bessie, helping Lily undress, speculated, "Them actor folks sweet on each other?"

"They will be, if they'll quit being so conscientious."

"Think they'll make a go of it?"

"I don't know. But tonight, anyway—they had magic then. Bessie! Why do you and I let Cook bully us for being young, and then these kids bully us for being too old, and all of them decide between them what we're allowed to do? I'm going back to the stage. And tour. Even if it's character woman in a whodunit. And you're coming as my dresser. We'll get away from Cobble Cottage and Cook. We'll see the whole country again."

"Well, I never been west of Jersey, but—would we get near Baraboo, Wisconsin? I got a nephew there."

"Baraboo? Yes! That's the Ringling Theater. Bessie! Have I still got that old wicker trunk?"

"Up in the attic."

"Let's go have a look at it."

"Now? It's after one."

"Come on, Bessie! On to Baraboo!"

"O. K., Mrs.—Miss Layton," said Bessie. "I guess if you go and make up your mind to do something foolish, it's just about as sensible as common sense. Have they got banana royals out there? I always wanted one, but Cook would never let me have it."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

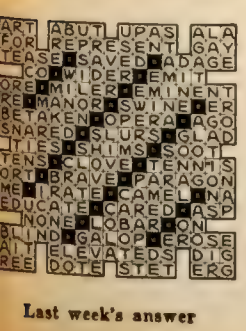
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

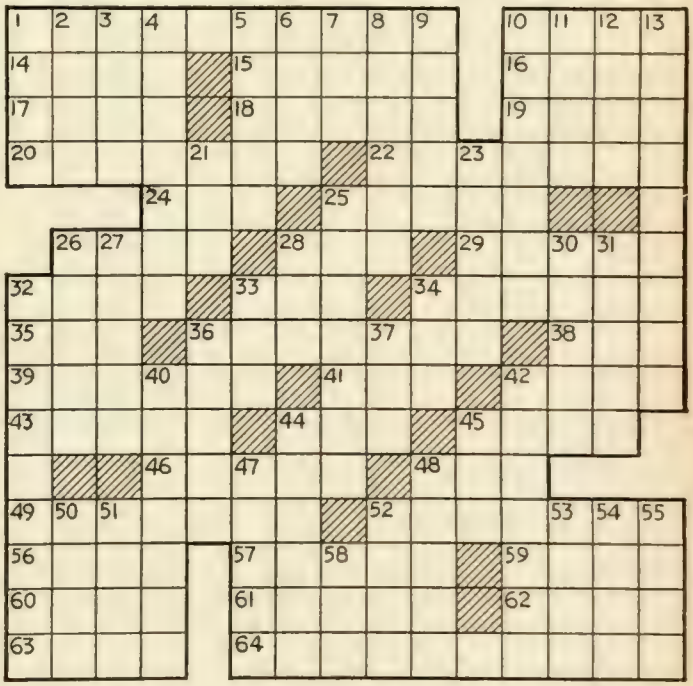
1 Neptune's glasses To view shore lasses
10 Lightweight champion 1901-08
14 Russian male
15 A saucy thing, round and red-cheeked
16 Kind of dress women always seem to need (two words)
17 Mud larks
18 In Germany he flies around shooting lovers with poisoned arrows
19 What Greek housewives kept sending little Johnnypopolus down to for baconopolus
20 Hercule Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey, Philo Vance
22 Dunking in the clink
24 Bass in the bassinet
25 Stand in one spot with a gal and shiver while eight idiots blow their brains out simultaneously
26 It's up and spreading over the country and will leave in the spring
28 It's hot and twisted around
29 Wise old Indian
32 Lots of drivers have little under this
33 Underwater electric system. Isn't it shocking?
34 The only thing most quiz contestants don't know
35 Aspirins Konk Alimonypayers (abbr.)
36 Headlamp shutters
38 Just plain nuts, about Scotland
39 "What's yellow, has eighteen legs, and catches flies?" "A Japanese baseball team!"
41 A blvd.
42 This usually has a whey with it
43 He made quite a prophet in the moving business
44 Ripe for a slug
45 Deathlong friends of Hitler
46 Collects saddle bunions
48 God in the alarm
49 Lana Turner, Dotty Lamour, Veronica Lake
52 These are shot by grim-faced men with clubs
56 One ten one one
57 Wopera (pl.)
59 "- ---!" said the poker player who opened blind (two words)
60 This takes a licking in the younger set
61 Sour note in a bachelor's apartment
62 This keeps hunting dogs hunting
63 High-brow ways of avoiding work
64 Dude ranchers; Wild West sissies

VERTICAL

1 Eyefuls
2 Goebbels' gospel
3 Hitler's always flying into this
4 What the guy in the 1922 jaloppy never is
5 First National Bank
6 Work for Beethoven
7 Peas
8 He had something on the Baal
9 America's home on Sunday
10 Kind of Sundays they don't have in Japan
11 A down-with-everything
12 Signs of the times
13 Elbowed people off the streets of Paris (Nazi)
21 Most educated part of Notre Dame students
23 Puzzling images
25 There are billions around but you can't seem to lay your hands on any
26 Berlin with yellow jaundice
27 Where Sunday jam sessions are held
28 Drivers get all balled up on this and strike out in the strangest directions
30 Isn't this terrible!
31 What Gypsy Rose Lee strips mechanically
32 Pocketful of music
33 Shut up, I can't see
34 Cooler at the club
36 The lady boss of the World's Fair
37 Harvard spinach
40 Headgear of the college of hard knocks (pl.)
42 Huns may bomb but will never hear Wales from here
44 What a kid looks at a lollipop with
45 This was smashed by Wood
47 What the conchies like to stay out of
48 Ersatz dog blanketing
50 Caesar's wife (Latin)
51 Where Morgenthau makes most of his money
52 Kind of man who came out on top
53 Atlantic oasis
54 You can do this with ease
55 Only thing you can't get to in the subway
58 Chief result of a senatorial investigation



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

How I was Captured in the Battle of Damascus

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

☆ OUR interview with the commandant was short and to the point. For the time being we were to be treated as prisoners of war and confined with the captured British officers upstairs. General Dentz would be notified. I didn't like the way the commandant said, "Perhaps there may be some further developments for you." Then he asked, "Why are the British fighting us?"

That was an easy one. Why are you helping the Boche? we thought. Like most of the French officers in Syria, he was a professional colonial soldier. He received his orders and carried them out. There were no outside considerations to interfere with his duties.

There was something very humiliating about being a prisoner of war. Going up the stairs, Downs and I decided there was one consolation anyway: we had beaten our colonel into Damascus and he owed us a bottle of champagne. As the guard showed us into our cell, however, a tall khaki figure arose from the bed.

"Well, well, this is a surprise. Welcome to our little home."

The colonel shook our hands warmly. He explained he had been ambushed and captured about an hour before we were. An army doctor who had given him a lift in his car had been taken with him.

As jails go, I guess this wasn't a bad one, but the cell we were in now contained twelve of us, including eight Indian officers. It had originally been intended for four. You could either sit or lie on your bed, which was a haven for all the varied insect life in the Near East. But that was all. A lack of room to move about didn't discourage the fifteen native guards who were assigned to us, however. Every few minutes they would all crowd into the room to count heads and argue whether some one was missing. This didn't improve our tempers.

We were hungry and thirsty and something had to be done about it. So we picked a young Syrian lieutenant who looked a little more nervous than most of the guard and pumped him with the news that the British certainly would be in Damascus by tomorrow. If he played with us, we whispered very confidentially, we would see that he was taken care of later. It worked. He took it all in, and from then on the jail was ours. We had first-class room service with the guards acting as bellhops. Beer, ice, food, toilet articles—and a very potent local drink called ali.

But the reaction from the morning set in. After a seven-course dinner and seven bottles of ali, we sat around on our beds, twelve pretty miserable human beings. Every soldier in the British army who is captured must stand a court-martial when he escapes or is recaptured, to explain why he was taken by the enemy. It is usually just a matter of routine. But it is not pleasant and no officer looks forward to it. The colonel had fought for four years in the last war through all the great battles of France and Flanders. He had won the Military Cross and several other citations. And now, at the age of fifty-three, to be faced with the prospect of imprisonment for the rest of the war or a court-martial was not pleasant.

The eight Indian officers were heartbroken. They came from the highest castes in India, and to them surrender was far worse than death.

It was unbelievably hot in the cell. We tossed on the vermin-ridden beds, cursing Laval, Darlan, and all the rest of the Vichy politicians. Then we decided that if the British did not take Damascus within the next two days, we would try to escape. The colonel had a plan worked out.

But at dawn we heard the familiar sound of artillery. They were British guns and not far away. We crowded around the window, and on the other side of the city we saw the British landing on the two fortresses which commanded an entrance into town. We slapped each other on the back. At this rate the British troops would be in Damascus before nightfall and we would be free. Suddenly there was a whistling sound and an explosion close by. One of the shells had gone wide of its mark and dropped right in the center of Damascus. Immediately there was a terrific uproar in the street—hundreds of Arabs milling around and shouting and making angry gestures. Our Syrian lieutenant rushed in, looking more pale and nervous than ever.

"Why do your troops shell the town? Things will be very bad if they do. Already we have had to double the guard around the building."

We assured him that it was only a mistake and that the British policy was against upsetting the Arabs. No more shells fell on the town.

But the French had one foot out of the town by now. Down in the garden we could see them burning papers and dossiers. Downs and I lay back on our beds planning the victory dinner we would have at the Oriental Palace Hotel that night, when an orderly arrived with orders for us to pack and prepare to leave.

"Pack what, and why? Where are we going?" we asked.

He didn't know, but those were the orders and we were to be ready in

Three times face to face with death . . The story of an amazing adventure

ILLUSTRATOR JOHN TINKER

BY LIBERTY'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT

Robert Low

ten minutes. The last thing we wanted to do was leave Damascus. In another few hours we would be free. If we left, there was no telling what would happen. Downs had a very unhealthy record with the Vichy government. If they looked it up he might be taken back to France to do a lot of explaining. So we decided to stall.

When a captain in the Intelligence Service came to take us away we were all ready for him. I was stretched out on the bed moaning and groaning while the doctor felt my pulse and looked serious. Downs quickly explained to the captain that I was ill and could not be moved. But this Frenchman was just as tough as he looked. He was sorry, he said, but his orders were to take us to Beirut at once and he was going to do it.

"He must have been taken ill very suddenly," the captain said, "because they tell me this morning he ate a good breakfast and apparently was enjoying the best of health half an hour ago. No, I am afraid he will have to come with me."

We said good-by to our cellmates and followed the captain. We passed a long line of army trucks and troop-carrying vehicles parked along the road. We thought they were empty until we noticed the soldiers were all lying beneath them with their rifles pointed across the road. As we shot past the leading truck, an officer jumped up and signaled for us to stop. But the captain who was driving kept on going.

"This must be the Beirut road and the British are attacking it to prevent the French from escaping," Downs said.

I nudged the guard who was sitting between us and pointed back at the trucks. He just shrugged his shoulders and crouched low in the seat.

We were traveling at a terrific clip now. Around a bend on two wheels, and then ahead we saw three soldiers lying by the side of the road firing a machine gun into the olive grove. We had almost reached them when—*zing!*—a bullet hit the steel top of the car and ricocheted off. The captain took a firmer grip on the wheel. We slumped down as far as we could.

On we raced along the road which was now the front line of the fighting. The British were on the bluffs above and were sending patrols down into the grove. We turned off onto another road away from the firing. The captain and guards got out. I looked at Downs. I knew he was thinking the same thing I was. Remember, these were three very tough-looking customers. We sat there tense and expectant, but in a moment they got back into the car. This time the captain sat with us in the back.

An hour later we rolled down from the bold rocky plateau to the shores of the Mediterranean. Beirut, white and shiny, nestled in the fringe of green which ran along the coast. We drove to military headquarters and were taken to the Intelligence man. For half an hour a pleasant but insistent officer tried to pump us for information about the British forces in Syria. But we had done that too often ourselves to give anything away. When he had finished he knew no more than he had when he started.

We were left to cool our heels. And suddenly the door was flung open and in strode a short stocky man in civilian clothes. What he lacked in height he made up in an air of self-importance. He was very angry.

"You are spies—and you will be treated as such. You will be shot," he announced dramatically.

We assured him we were not spies but accredited war correspondents with papers to prove it. Furthermore, we were Americans and had passports to prove that, too. And who was he to accuse us of being spies anyway?

"My name is Conti, and I am the chief political administrator of Syria. You have no right to be in the front line with combat troops."

We reminded him that we had both been accredited to the French army in France and were at the front several times. He bickered endlessly over this point, claiming that that had been a proper war; this was an aggression. Therefore we had no status.

"I don't know what you call it, but it certainly looked and felt like a war yesterday afternoon," Downs said.

We weren't getting anywhere at this rate. Conti was furious and we were not any too soft-spoken ourselves by now. I insisted that he inform the American consul that we were accused of being spies. He finally agreed to telephone him.

I have always had a great admiration for the American Diplomatic Service. But it increased about 100 per cent that day. Within ten minutes United States Consul William Gwynn was at headquarters, and in three minutes he talked Conti out of his ideas of a firing squad. Two more, and internment for the rest of the war had vanished; and in another five we were walking out the door in Gwynn's custody, to be expelled from Syria the next day.

That night I had the strange experience of being bombed by an R. A. F. squadron I had flown with myself over Libya. About midnight the sirens wailed and the searchlights flooded the skies, and between the white puffs of the antiaircraft guns came the first British bomber, going for the French warships in the harbor. I was glad that the squadron had such a good reputation for accurate bombing. One by one they soared over the target, dropping their bombs well within the harbor area.

Next day we left Beirut and in forty-eight hours we were on the Turkish frontier. We had to show our passports to the Syrian officials before leaving the country. One of them got very upset.

"But you have no entry visé to Syria. You shouldn't have come into the country at all," he said.

"He's got something there," Downs remarked.

THE END

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ HOME on a visit from Egypt, where she married a member of King Farouk's government, Martha Tucker of New York tells me she misses her Egyptian water-buffalo milk. "It's delicious," she says, "and so rich you can cut the cream with a knife."

Her husband is an official, so she is using her maiden name for lecture engagements here. At tea with her recently, I was interested to find out what a smart American girl had observed about life today in the country of Cleopatra—now watched over by Anthony Eden. Egypt is so important to the defense of our democracies that everything we know about it helps our unity of understanding . . . Young ladies of modern Egypt prefer Elizabeth Arden make-up to Oriental kohl and henna. They furnish their homes *à la* Park Avenue, dress to match, and wear futuristic costume jewelry instead of sacred scarabs. . . . As to diet, they re thoroughly vitamin-conscious, with a leaning toward herbs and spices. They spike their cold-milk drinks and orangeade with cinnamon, sprinkle rose water on their black coffee, flavor their vegetable salads with sage and thyme and quantities of parsley. . . . Leaving antiques to tourists, they don't care to be courted in the shadows of the Sphinx or pyramids—but in dark movie houses they still listen when young men whisper "*habibi*," which means "darling" in Egyptian.

Martha Tucker advises us to be on the lookout for Egypt's fine long-staple cotton fabrics in prints copied from ancient Coptic patterns. After the war, when normal trade resumes, she says they'll be due for a wave of popularity here.

☆ THE idea that doctors, like priests, ought perhaps never to marry, brings a striking question into the romance of Henry and Sylvia Lieferant's new novel, Hospital—Quiet Please! (Published by E. P. Lutton & Co., Inc.)

☆ IT didn't surprise me to learn that Dorothy Lamour appeals to boys in uniform. I walked into a Hollywood drugstore awhile ago with Maggie Ettinger, screen publicity agent and cousin of Louella Parsons. A boy Maggie never before had laid eyes on gulped his soda and said to her, "Excuse me, is *Dorothy* in town? I saw her in here with you one day. That's why I'm asking." . . Maggie said Dorothy was working. Then she told me *all* boys seem to think of Miss Lamour in terms of first-name intimacy. They just *can't believe* they haven't met her. Her *sex-friendliness* is a powerful quality —worth any girl's careful study.

☆ NOW an ornithologist has discovered that certain American owls, like parrots, try to imitate human talk. So perhaps it's appropriate that owl-feather turbans and muffs for ladies will be stylish this autumn.

☆ ON country walks I'm often asked why I bark at dogs. It is a game my father taught me, and the war news from Russia recalls his explanation of it. As a young officer on map-making duty he used to lead small detachments of Cossacks over vast regions of sparsely populated land beyond the Ural Mountains, where secret Soviet munition plants are now supposed to be hidden. At nightfall, if no human habitat were in sight, father's men would say, "Now, prince, please bark." Obligingly father barked. He was a wonderful bark imitator. Then, when dogs answered from the distance, he and his troop would ride in that direction, to find the nearest farm or village. All the rest of his life he always barked at dogs. So I bark at 'em too.

☆ FRIENDS of mine at the shore this summer employed a Polish refugee girl who never before had beheld soft-shelled crabs. Preparing to cook them, she trimmed all their legs off neatly with a pair of scissors. The lady of the house merely said don't do it next time. She was therefore surprised to see those same crabs served intact. The poor girl had stitched every one of their legs back on again with needle and thread!

☆ AS our soft-shelled-crab days shorten, our apple days begin. Tart early apples are best with which to make this old-fashioned *Apple Johnny Cake:* . . . To 1 cup sifted flour add 1 cup white or yellow corn meal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon salt. (You *can* add 2 tablespoons sugar if you insist on sweetened corn bread, but you know what Southerners say: they say it was damyankees putting sugar in corn bread that actually started the Civil War!) Combine above ingredients with 1 beaten egg mixed with 1 cup milk. Pour into baking pan. Top with 2 layers thinly sliced apples. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve warm, with sweet butter *and apple butter* to spread on plentifully, and a big pitcher of cream.

"You'll just have to speak to your son, Mrs. Dooley. Every time he answers a question correctly he *insists* upon 'ten bucks and a set of encyclopedias'!"

CAN SCIENCE READ YOUR MIND?

Continued from Page 23

event. So have been many other historic dreams and visions, recorded before later events proved them true. Family lore teems with instances. There is one such in my wife's family. Back in the 1870s, Gideon Haynes, her father, was the reform warden of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. He and his wife started on a vacation trip. They went to Montreal, intending to sail up the St. Lawrence. At the hotel in Montreal, a bellboy handed him a telegram addressed "G. Haynes." The contents proved that it was meant for another man. But, oddly, this trivial incident seemed to touch off an explosion in the warden's mind. Something awful was about to happen at the prison! He took the first train back to Boston. Mrs. Haynes told her children afterward that at every delay of the train he developed spasms of abnormal anxiety. At Boston he took a cab. "The Charlestown prison," he ordered the driver, "and for God's sake hurry!"

From the gate of the prison he ran to the warden's house in the yard, ran up the stairs, and threw open the door of the nursery. A blast of illuminating gas struck him in the face. He carried out his three children unconscious but alive. A quarter of an hour more and he would have been too late. It turned out that Gideon, Jr., had waked up in the night, climbed on to the head of his crib, and played with the gas jet on the wall above him, turning the cock.

Dr. J. W. Dunne is one of the great physicists and mathematicians of our time. While a soldier in the Boer War, he saw in a dream the Mount Pelée disaster a full day before it happened. From that time forth he recorded his dreams. Enough of them came true or half true to convince him that foreknowledge was a fact. He began to question our idea of time. Perhaps past, present, and future do not stretch out end to end. Perhaps they lie parallel; perhaps, in sleep and in certain waking moods, we cross the lines between them. In England there is a Dunne cult which has adopted his theory as a religion.

Today the science of psychology stands like Columbus on the shore of a new world. What treasure lies in that world beyond? That proof of survival after bodily death which the unquestionably sincere Stewart Edward White believes that he has established? Perhaps. The development of new powers in men or the control of old powers—like a universal language of telepathy? That is possible. In fact, there are innumerable possibilities.

This may yet prove to be the most important work men are doing in this second year of the Second World War.

THE END

You Won't Need A Barn For This Old-Fashioned

BARN DANCE AND BEAN SUPPER

The Place—your garage, playroom or even the attic! Branches of autumn leaves everywhere. Barn lanterns hanging from the rafters — on the table, too, with stubby candles inside, shiny apples and sheaves of wheat circling the lanterns. Table covers, calico! Paper dishes, *of course.*

Square dances are the rage. Get a set of barn dance records—all the old-fashioned favorites complete with fiddles and "calling." Serve old-time victuals, too:—*Heinz Oven-Baked Beans (real Boston-style with pork and molasses), cole slaw, johnny-cake, pumpkin tarts and sharp, "store" cheese.*

Make sure your bean supper is a huge success. Serve Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. They taste just like the home-baked kind. Baked till mealy and tender, Heinz beans have that old-fashioned subtle spicing, the good robust flavor of heavy New Orleans molasses mingling with savory, well-roasted pork. Try all four kinds of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—for family meals, parties, quickies.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

IT'S THE SAUCE THAT MAKES 'EM GREAT!

1. Boston style, with pork and molasses. 2. Tomato sauce with pork. 3. Vegetarian, tomato sauce, no meat. 4. Red kidney beans.

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Trailer Neighbors

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Covered wagons, 1941!—A firsthand, revealing look at a new way of living

BY NORMA LEE BROWNING

☆ RUSSELL wanted a trailer the first time he set foot in one, a year ago.

"You don't want one of those things," friends told us. "People who live in trailers are bums." So we gypsied around the country for months in our old Model A Ford. When we were ready to settle down and get jobs, my husband applied for work on a construction camp in the Ozark region of southern Missouri. Mr. Williams of the State Employment Association said, "There's work at this place but no houses available to live in, and you can't have the job unless you own a trailer." We decided that if more than half a million other people in America endured trailer life, we could too.

When the construction-camp job ended, we went to Detroit, where there'd be plenty of work. The defense and industrial boom had skyrocketed the city's population, and as a result of the housing shortage thousands of families lived in trailers.

We pulled our sixteen-foot blue Indian Scout cautiously into the All-American Trailer Park, a six-acre plot occupied by about 400 trailerites. The manager told us the rent would be three dollars a week.

The rent in a trailer camp is usually two or two fifty a week. It includes a small plot of ground, water, bathing and toilet facilities, and washtubs. Only electricity is extra. The All-American, an ordinary camp, charged high rents because it was within the city limits, convenient to bus lines, shopping centers, and jobs.

While Russell unhitched the trailer, put up the light connection, and replaced the sink bucket, I explored the camp, following the cinder paths along which our neighbors were parked in neat rows. Through lighted windows I saw one woman ironing, another in bed reading a magazine, men in undershirts listening to radio commentators. In a dollhouse of a trailer a man sat at a tiny piano, playing softly and singing to himself.

The next morning I walked over to the Shed to inspect the washrooms. There were four washbasins against the wall, and four women in housecoats were bent over them, washing their hair. One looked up and said, "You're new here, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes. Are you?"

She said, "No. I'm a hillbilly, but I been in Detroit six years."

She dried her hair, tied a kerchief around it, told me her name was Lily, and invited me to her trailer.

As we walked along together I had my first good view of the camp. To my surprise, each trailer had its own lawn, freshly mowed and sprinkled and enclosed by a tiny white picket fence; impudent pansies beamed brightly around the gardens; demure forget-me-nots lent a lavender-and-old-lace charm; red roses climbed over a white trellis.

Gay awnings stretched from trailer tops to shade the lawns; orange-and-green-striped beach chairs and round white lawn tables posed under handsome big umbrellas. Ice cards stood in the windows, the milkman was making his deliveries, and a woman in a pink sunbonnet was weeding a pint-sized vegetable garden. The camp seemed a normal community, a peaceful haven undisturbed by the noise of trolley cars and the roar of smoking factories all around it. I began to change my opinion of trailer life.

A clean-swept boardwalk led up to Lily's small brown secondhand trailer. Seeing a tricycle and a toy wagon, I asked, "Do you have children?"

"Two boys."

"But how do you all sleep in the trailer?"

Lily took me inside and showed me. In one corner was the dinette table which could be made into a bed for two. At the other end was a studio couch for two, and a built-in bunk above it.

Mrs. Kemp, the wife of a lumber

company official from Beaumont, Texas, had a luxurious trailer, complete with separate bedroom, writing desk, and even a telephone. Maybe Russell could get on at the lumber company, she said. "But," she added, "don't go over there now if you wanta keep your shirt on—they're on strike."

We needed money right away and didn't have time to take die-making courses or wait for strikes to be settled, so Russell took out a union permit the next day and went to work as a dock walloper, unloading kegs of bolts, steel wire, graphite, and crude rubber that came by boat from Buffalo and Cleveland to be used in factories working on the defense program. Later I went to work in the blueprint division of the body parts plant of a motor company. It wasn't long before our trailer was paid for.

There is a simple, homey friendliness in a trailer camp. In the mornings you join the long march of women in housecoats and hair curlers to and from the Shed, a teakettle in one hand and tumble-jug (slop jar) in the other. Then later you meet again at the water pump. The pump is a favorite rendezvous. Here the women come to wash spinach and men gather to talk shop. Soon you are admitted to the inner sanctum of trailer society.

The Shermans go fishing and divide their catch with the next-door neighbors. Charley brings enough rhubarb from his uncle's farm to supply five families for a week, and shares it with them. Bernadine shares her home-canned green beans with her friends. Mrs. Goyette has a new baby; her neighbors take care of her and her other two children, clean the trailer, and feed the dog.

It is inspiring to see 400 people sharing six acres of land, using the same washrooms, laundry, water taps, living together in almost perfect harmony. There was seldom any discord in our camp.

Trailer women are immaculate housekeepers. Every morning the bedding is aired; the rugs are shaken and sofas vacuumed; the floor is scrubbed and waxed; every niche and corner is dusted, not only once but as often as dust accumulates. Once a week the shelf liners and closet papers are changed; the walls, inside and out, are washed with soap and water and the stoves are polished.

Trailerites spend little money for entertainment. They like the outdoors and spend much of their leisure working in their gardens. In the afternoons there are get-togethers for crocheting, embroidering, or rummy. And always in the evening, pinochle!

Most trailerites choose that mode of life for two reasons: to keep the family together when the man's work requires him to travel, and to save money.

The Thomases have lived in a trailer for eleven years. They owned a home before that. Driving a caterpillar tractor is the only work Mr. Thomas knows, and it takes him all over the country. A home-loving man, he wants his wife and three boys with him.

Donna and Steve moved into a trailer when they were married, six years ago. Steve, a sign painter, had to cover thirteen states, so he presented his bride with a home on wheels.

The Smiths have three little girls. Their daddy, a landscape architect for the government, is sent to one place, then to another. With a trailer he keeps both his job and his family.

The average weekly salary of trailer dwellers is sixty dollars. Living expenses for two people—food, electricity, fuel, ice, laundry, and rent—are about ten dollars a week. Most trailerites have seen hard times. Trailer life enables them to cut the cost of living, pay off debts, and get back on their feet.

Any trailer-camp manager will tell you that a bill collector in a camp is a rarity. Records of the Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association show that, of all durable goods sold on the installment plan, the trailer industry has the lowest percentage of repossessions.

Russell and I like trailer life. We have a feeling of independence because we own the roof over our heads and can take that roof with us when we are impelled to move. We have a feeling of security because in trailer people we have found a world where the Golden Rule is a law—unspoken, unwritten, but lived by.

THE END

"WE RACED DEATH DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE!"

A true experience of male nurse GROVER C. BIRCHFIELD, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

1 "WE WERE RUSHING A CARDIAC CASE by ambulance to the hospital one dark night," writes Mr. Birchfield. "We were two thousand feet up on a winding mountain road and six miles from our goal, when all lights blew out.

2 "THE PATIENT WAS AT DEATH'S DOOR. I gave him a shot of adrenalin, but I knew with horrible certainty that unless he reached the hospital quickly he could not live. Yet we dared not move without lights.

3 "THEN, I REMEMBERED OUR FLASHLIGHTS! Lying on a front fender, I played their bright beams on the road while the car careened down the mountain. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, we won our race against death.

(Signed) Grover C. Birchfield

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

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FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

The Road to Valley Forge

BY PEGGY VON DER GOLTZ

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ LINNET woke, lay peering into the dark, listening. It's the wind, she told herself—the wind beating that old elm against the house. But she knew it wasn't the wind. Wind didn't sound like marching men. Only British soldiers tramped heavy as the old elm beaten by the wind.

Linnet sat up. British soldiers! Yesterday at sundown Anthony Wayne and a handful of Continentals had passed by, driving cattle up from Jersey to feed the starving men at Valley Forge. Now British soldiers tramped the road behind them. Well shod, free moving, the British would catch Mad Anthony by noontime. Linnet jerked on her shoes, wrapped a shawl about her, took the rifle down from its place above the door, loaded it and rammed home the charge.

"I'll shoot as many redcoats as I can afore they shoot me," she muttered.

Then, suddenly, she dropped the ramrod, stood leaning on the rifle while fury drained out of her, leaving only the dregs of anger. She couldn't go out and fight the British, leaving Johnny and little David to freeze and starve when she was killed. "I must welcome the King's soldiers," she thought, "let them pass on and take Mad Anthony's cattle—seize Valley Forge, perhaps."

It was, she reflected, a bitter thing that her man should fight and freeze and starve to gain freedom for his sons; while she, to save them, must betray the cause he fought for. But a woman's children were dearer than freedom. "Oh, Lord," Linnet said, "what can a lone woman do?"

The tramp of marching men stilled suddenly and a fist banged on the door. Slowly Linnet opened it. There, in the first gray of dawn, red coats blazed against the snow.

A young officer addressed Linnet. "My men are hungry," he said. "Can you furnish breakfast for them?"

Linnet wrung her hands. "I've scarce enough corn ground for the young ones and for me. . . ."

"You've a samp mill in the garden. Put water on the fire and set to work."

Linnet stared at the old Indian mill as if she'd never seen its like before. "I'll grind it," she said at last, "if your men will pack corn from the attic."

She replenished the fire and waked the children, while British soldiers filed through her house, filling kettles and carrying corn. Eight-year-old Johnny rubbed his eyes and stared at the soldiers. "Hooray for the Republic!" he shouted.

Linnet whispered, "Hush, Johnny! They're British soldiers!"

"British soldiers? Then we got to shoot 'em, ma!"

Linnet met the cold merciless stare of the British officer. "You appeared so willing to feed my men, I took you for a Tory, ma'am."

"My husband is a Rebel sympathizer," Linnet faltered. "The—the young ones take after him. . . ."

He looked down at her with eyes that glinted like bayonet tips. "Get to your mill and grind the corn."

Linnet stood up, took little David on her arm, said, "Come, Johnny," and walked to the samp mill. The mill was a hollowed tree trunk set upright beside a sapling to which the heavy pestle was lashed. She banged the pestle down on the corn, the sapling jerked it back, and Linnet rammed it in again. She kept banging it down with fury in every stroke.

While soldiers scooped out the meal and refilled the tree trunk, Linnet stood flexing her arms. Johnny watched with pure rage in his eyes.

Linnet reached for the pestle and a soldier said, "I'll spell ye, ma'am."

"And get my mill out of kilter!" Linnet snapped. "Thankee, no."

"You'll have little to grind but tree bark," he said, "when we are gone."

Linnet gasped, realizing for the first time that all her winter's corn could scarcely make two meals for such a company. She looked ahead at starvation and her hand faltered on the pestle, but she forced it down. "If only they don't burn the house. . . ."

The small winter sun blinked up, and still Linnet's arms swung up and down. Her back ached. Her head throbbed. Her every muscle screamed for rest. But she kept the pestle going. At the end the soldiers had to shove her away to scoop out the meal.

She staggered toward the house, but it was jammed with soldiers. They overflowed into the yard, eating half-cooked mush out of bowls and crocks and cups and mugs, even off of shingles. Three soldiers came up from the barn carrying a dozen hens by the legs. Others brought corn down from the attic and loaded their knapsacks. Sides of bacon and smoked hams hung over their shoulders. Pigs squealed, and Linnet knew they were being butchered to feed the British. . . .

The officer gave a command, the men fell in, and marched away.

Linnet walked around the trampled yard, picked up the tatters of a liberty quilt which the soldiers had ripped to pieces. She found a wooden bowl the soldiers had dropped in the snow and searched the ground for scattered corn, gathering every precious grain.

Johnny said in a voice too old for him, " 'Twould serve us right if we starved—turning traitor like you did."

Linnet said, "Johnny, Johnny—" then broke off as gunfire clattered. A heavy volley roared out, then another and another. She dashed across the yard, sobbing, laughing, shouting, "She heard it! She heard it!"

Johnny asked, "Who, ma? What?"

"Increase Rhodes. She's told me many a time she don't have to mark the days, for when she hears the samp mill going, it's Friday afternoon. And this is the Sabbath day. I never ground corn on the Sabbath day, and I never ground corn afore sun-up."

"You mean she heard the mill off at the edge of town and warned the Continentals?"

"Yes, son. And if she listened close she knowed how many British was a-coming, for I hit each lot one hundred and four whacks when fifty would have ground it."

Johnny took her hand. "I—I'm purely proud, ma."

" 'Twasn't much," Linnet said. "But what can a lone woman do?"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

40 ANSWERS by FRANK CASE

to his questions on page 33

1—Abraham Lincoln was granted a license to operate a tavern at Springfield, Illinois, in 1833.

2—Old-time taverns and saloons kept slates back of their bars. These slates were attached to the walls and the barmen would write down on them small charges. On payday, when customers came in and paid, the charges posted in their names were erased, thus giving them a clean slate.

3—Under the American plan the rate includes meals. Under the European plan the rate provides for room only.

4—Before hotel rooms were equipped with individual telephones, push buttons in the rooms connected with a large indicator on the main floor, and when a bell rang, the boy "hopped" upstairs to the room indicated.

5—The dishwashers.

6—Sinclair Lewis wrote Work of Art and Arnold Bennett wrote Imperial Palace.

7—The bellboy takes care of arriving guests and the porter of departing guests.

8—711—a combination of the crapshooter's "naturals," 7 and 11.

9—Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City.

10—Lounge lizards.

11—The Bible. The person who steals it is the one who needs it most.

12—The Hotel Algonquin.

13—There is always an army of hotel employees to be fed.

14—Room service generally refers to meals or refreshments served to guests in their rooms. Maid service refers to the making up of beds or supplying linens, etc.

15—The Mermaid Tavern in London.

16—Washington's Farewell Address to his staff was delivered at Fraunces' Tavern, 54 Pearl Street, New York City, and the tavern is still in existence.

17—Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt.

18—The guest who asks for a special rate for no good reason is the one hotelkeepers try to avoid.

19—The telephone switchboard, the operators of which are generally human encyclopedias.

20—The Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, has 3,000 rooms. The St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, New York, has 2,700 rooms.

21—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He wrote Tales of a Wayside Inn.

22—Detroit, Cincinnati, Denver, Philadelphia, New York City.

23—The Mills Hotel. It was founded by the father of Ogden Mills, the late Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The Mills Foundation operates the hotel on a nonprofit basis.

24—Christ was born in Bethlehem in a manger because the inn was overcrowded, due to the fact that the people had come to the city to pay their taxes; St. Luke, 2:7—"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

25—Payment in advance.

26—In addition to publication and outdoor advertising, they have traveling representatives who address meetings, call on committees who contemplate conventions, and manufacture ideas for committees. Larger hotels also have banquet departments, promotion departments, and publicity departments.

27—Colorado.

28—E. M. Statler, operator of the Statler chain of hotels.

29—Parker House rolls, named after the Parker House in Boston, Massachusetts.

30—Christopher Marlowe.

31—The word "ritzy," which is derived from the name of César Ritz, the famous European hotel man.

32—It originally meant eating on credit. Years ago, when the small inn- or tavern-keeper had a customer eating on credit, he would make a note on his cuff and later enter the charge in his ledger. Today it generally means eating without paying for it now or later.

33—They are popular and fashionable and eliminate the labor and expense of incessant laundering.

34—The Ambassador Hotel in Chicago; the Waldorf-Astoria, New York; the Sherman Hotel, Chicago; the Biltmore, Los Angeles; the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.

35—Its good name.

36—Guests should tip only when they feel like it and the amounts of their gratuities should be whatever they want to give or whatever they enjoy giving. The word "tip" is an abbreviation of the three words "to insure promptness."

37—The St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco is named after St. Francis of Assisi; the St. Regis Hotel in New York is named after St. Regis, a Swiss monk; and the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, New York, is named after St. George, the English knight.

38—(*a*) False; (*b*) false; (*c*) true; (*d*) false.

39—(1) If you're a stranger in a hotel, don't ask the hotel cashier to cash your check. You know you're honest, but he doesn't. (2) Don't leave the water running in the bathtub when you go out. (3) Don't forget to put the lights out when you leave. (4) Don't have your dog sleep on the best furniture. (5) Don't press your clothes on a glass-topped article of furniture.

40—When several boys are seated on the bench awaiting calls, the first boy, the one whose turn is next, is "front."

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THE LAST WORD: *Shall We Draft American Women?*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK-END

I was talking to two buck privates who had come over from a large camp to have a family meal.

"If you fellows had your way," I asked, "what steps would you take to improve the drafted army and the camps?"

"Draft the women," they said, at once, and in bass and contralto.

"What for? Red Cross work?"

"Nope!"

"Put them in factories?"

"Nopey-dopey!"

"What *would* you do?"

"Draft them for entertainment purposes only."

"Serious?" (For the two young men had solemn and earnest expressions on their tanned and very decent faces.)

"Dead serious! Look what we have now! Company dances. About twenty-five hostesses for a hundred and fifty men. And some of the twenty-five girls never had a date before in their lives—all thirty-five or forty years of their lives."

"You see," said the other soldier, "the idea sounds screwy only because it's new and different. But suppose it was tried. There's so many thousand troops at Camp Edwards. All right; you draft an equal number of pretty girls."

"Ah—but why should you expect all of them to be pretty?"

"They would be selected *because* they were pretty," cried the first young man, rising excitedly and waving his hands. "Why not? First they register. Then they are called for a physical examination. Only the beauts are accepted—forty per cent blondes, forty per cent brunettes, and the others redheads. They have to pass a dancing examination, too, and one to see if they can talk well—you know, have a good line."

"And then?"

"And then they're taken to camp, where they work at dancing and playing games—and why the hell not? We give up everything—what do the girls do for their country?"

Well, of course, in a great many cases the girls give up their young men, a true and heart-wrenching sacrifice. Still, the attitude of these young soldiers deserves attention. What about it, ladies?

NOT FOR A MOMENT

do I wish to pretend that Mrs. Roosevelt discusses this subject in next week's Liberty, but the first lady of the land does have an article on Shall We Draft American Women? which further develops her convictions, already voiced, on this important topic. I hope you will like many of the stories and articles in next week's issue; I recommend all of the table of contents. That will include three short stories: Bill Mackenzie and the Stainless Siren, by Phyllis Duganne; At the Feet of Li Po, by Manuel Komroff; It's a Boy, Mr. Winstead! by Richard Winkler; and the short short. Among the articles, in addition to that one by Mrs. Roosevelt, will be What Happened to This Year's Rookies? by Yankee Stade; Can America Get Mad? by Channing Pollock; Football's Fair-Haired Boy, by Eddie Dooley; God Runs My Business, by William F. McDermott; a radio commentator quiz by Joe Wiegers; an Easy Aces broadcast script, full of laughs; The Owls Fly High, by Keith Ayling; Girl Meets Girl, by Bubbles Schinasi; and To the Ladies, by Princess Kropotkin. Make you feel eager? I hope!

MORE OCCUPATIONAL HAZING GAGS:

Floyd F. Seney, Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana, says that a greenhorn in the engine room was sent for a bucket of vacuum, while those on deck were asked for the key to the keelson, the fresh-water wrench, and the smoke preventer. . . . Edith Thomas of Washington Pine West, Chicago, says railroad employees were sent out to look for a leaky-roof gondola. . . . L. M. Glassman, 213 West Wells Street, Milwaukee, says that students at the local radio training school are told to put a pan under the grid leak. . . . Lyman Willardson of Ephraim, Utah, says that new farm hands out his way were left with a sack and lantern while the rest of the boys went out to drive snipes into the open sack. When green youths make fools of themselves the lesson sticks, and they may thus be deterred from chasing rainbows in later life. Otherwise a horrible fate may overtake them. They will almost certainly wind up at the head of some bureau in Washington.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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. . .

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

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● Hubert Castle worked 6 years—broke an arm, a leg, 3 ribs—to perfect the whirlwind series of somersaults and hoop jumps he performs on his bounding wire. But before you try any of his tricks, think it over...with a Camel. And remember: Camel's costlier tobaccos mean extra mildness.

I'VE FOUND CAMELS MILDER IN LOTS OF WAYS, AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS WITH ME
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